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A SOUTHERN GENTEELIST: LETTERS BY PAUL
HAMILTON HAYNE TO JULIA C. R. DORR¹

Edited by CHARLES DUFFY

University of Akron

Paul Hamilton Hayne's² letters to Julia C. R. Dorr³ were written between September 12, 1878, and December 11, 1885. In his correspondence with Longfellow, Lowell, Taylor, Stedman, Tyler, and Stoddard, Hayne reveals an unpleasant diffidence that at times descends to abjectness. There is less of this feeling in these letters to Mrs. Dorr, whose fame was more limited. She was the author of several

¹ The eighteen letters here printed appear in their entirety for the first time; a fragment of letter III is printed in my *Correspondence of Bayard Taylor and Paul Hamilton Hayne* (Baton Rouge, La., 1945). Miss Viola C. White, Curator of the Abernethy Collection, Middlebury College, made a typescript of the originals, which are in the Abernethy Collection. She subsequently checked various doubtful readings against the originals. Mr. Paul C. Rodgers, Jr., of Middlebury College, then rechecked the entire correspondence against the originals. The text here printed closely follows Hayne's punctuation, spelling, and paragraphing. I have not reproduced his frequently erratic practice of underscoring; I have also omitted his rows of X's, sometimes used at the beginnings and ends of paragraphs.

To Miss Viola C. White; to Mr. Gilmore Warner, now Librarian, Teachers' College, Lock Haven, Pa.; and to Mr. Paul C. Rodgers, I extend thanks.

² Hayne was born January 1, 1830, in Charleston, and died at his home, Copse Hill, Grovetown, Georgia, July 6, 1886. He was the only son of naval Lieutenant Paul Hamilton Hayne, who died in his son's infancy, and Emily (McElhenny) Hayne, who died in 1879. He was educated at Coates School, Charleston, and was graduated from Charleston College. As a young man he was chosen editor of *Russell's Magazine*, among the most important ante-bellum publications in the South. In 1866, impoverished and broken in health, he moved to Georgia, where he built his cottage home and lived the remainder of his life.

The list of his publications is short: *Poems* (Boston, 1855); *Sonnets and Other Poems* (Charleston, 1857); *Avolio: A Legend of the Island of Cos, With Poems, Lyrical, Miscellaneous, and Dramatic* (Boston, 1860); *Legends and Lyrics* (New York, 1872); *The Mountain of the Lovers, With Poems of Nature and Tradition* (New York, 1875); and his "Complete Edition," the *Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne* (Boston, 1882). He published brief lives of Robert Y. Hayne and Hugh Swinton Legaré. He sustained his family on the proceeds of his unremitting contributions to Northern and Southern magazines and to newspapers. His work remains uncollected, and he awaits a biographer.

³ Julia Caroline Ripley, born in Charleston, S.C., Feb. 13, 1825, was the child of William Young Ripley (1797-1875) and Zulma Caroline Thomas (1801-1826). Her father, of an old New England family founded by William Ripley, or Riplye, came from Wymondham, Norfolk, to Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1638. In October, 1818, William Young Ripley went by boat from New York to Charleston in order to enter business. (Full details of the Ripley family history may be found in *W.Y.R. A Book of Remembrance* by Julia C. R. Dorr.)

novels and many volumes of verse, but her reputation was not something to make him quake; he felt himself her peer. That she had been born in his native Charleston may have reassured him. He came from a well-established Charleston family, was the nephew of Senator Robert Y. Hayne, had been a prominent editor, and was a leading figure in southern literary circles. For these reasons his letters to Mrs. Dorr give the impression of a man whose manner is made easier by a sense of his own worth. There still remains something of his habitual self-depreciation; he is eager to protest his inferiority to Mrs. Dorr in the matter of their elegies upon the death of Longfellow; and he is quick to point out her superiority as a writer of sonnets. By and large, nevertheless, his attitude is not noticeably diffident.

His generous and unremitting praise of Mrs. Dorr's poetry may be in part sincere though it lacks discrimination. He showers *clichés* on her verses: they are "unusually graceful," "noble," "exquisite," "perfect," "tender and beautiful," "very pathetic," "full of grace, and feeling, and harmony." A few of his encomiums are no doubt genuine, but gallantry must account for some of his criticisms. Mrs. Dorr's poetic reflections upon religion in general and upon immortality in particular moved him deeply. In letters VI, VII, and XVI he responds earnestly to her conventional convictions about life after death, and many of the warmest passages in his letters are those attesting sympathy with her views.

Hayne is eager to approve not only of Mrs. Dorr's poetry, but also of her son's.

Zulma Caroline Thomas was the daughter of Jean Jacques Thomas and Susanne De Lacy. The father, apparently of Huguenot extraction, was born in La Rochelle. The couple lived in Santo Domingo after their marriage. In 1800, at the time of the slave insurrection led by Toussaint L'Overture, they fled to Charleston, where Zulma was born.

In December, 1822, William Young Ripley married Zulma, whose health, after the birth of Julia Caroline, began to decline; she died shortly following her removal to Weybridge, New York. In 1831, William Ripley married Jane Warren.

Julia Caroline's life was passed in New York State and in Vermont. Her education was obtained partly in her father's library and partly at the Middlebury Female Seminary, conducted by Dr. and Mrs. John Willard, who later established the Emma Willard Seminary at Troy, New York. In 1847, she married Seneca R. Dorr, native of New York, who moved to Vermont some time after his marriage.

Mrs. Dorr wrote several novels: *Farmingdale* (New York, 1854), *Lanmere* (New York, 1856), *Sybil Huntington* (New York, 1869), *Expiation* (Philadelphia, 1873), and *In Kings's Houses* (Boston, 1898). Her volumes of verse were more numerous: *Poem, A Pioneer Centennial Celebration* (Middlebury, 1866), *Poems* (Philadelphia, 1872), *Friar Anselmo, and Other Poems* (New York, 1875), *Vermont, A Poem* (Boston, 1877), *Santa Claus Souvenir* (Rutland, 1882), *Daybreak: an Easter Poem* (New York, 1882), *Afternoon Songs* (New York, 1885), *The Fallow Field* (Boston, 1893), *Periwinkle* (Boston, 1894), *Afterglow* (New York, 1900), *Beyond the Sunset* (New York, 1909), *Poems* (New York, 1913). In 1873 she published a book of advice to young couples, *Bride and Bridegroom* (Cincinnati). *Bermuda* (New York, 1884), *A Cathedral Pilgrimage* (New York, 1896), and *The Flower of England's Face* (New York, 1897) are books of travel. *W.Y.R.: A Book of Remembrance*, undated, is a 36-page memoir of the Ripley family.

Henry Ripley Dorr, like Hayne's son, William, versified. In these letters are the same approving nods and bobs which he made to the boy's mother, though there are not the same extravagant compliments.

Domestic matters, details of visits, accounts of illnesses, and plans for poems and articles occur occasionally. There is a good deal of solicitude on the part of Hayne for Mrs. Dorr's health and for her failing sight.

Of more interest are the passages about Hayne's epistolary or personal friendships with literary men and women. He maintained correspondence with such English writers as William Black, Jean Ingelow, Dinah Maria Craik, Charles Reade, Swinburne, Richard Doddridge Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, and Philip Bourke Marston. It is obvious that he enjoyed boasting to Mrs. Dorr about this. Among the American authors with whom he exchanged letters were Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Stoddard, Bryant, Whipple, Taylor, Howells, Tyler, Mrs. Moulton, and a kettle of lesser fry.

Hayne breaks into angry exclamation at what he considered the fulsome reception of Oscar Wilde, who toured the United States in 1882: Wilde is a "sprig of 3rd or 4th rate *Irish* nobility; and apostle of the 'aesthetic'," who no doubt "feeds his tall carcass of 6 feet-3 inches, upon substantial beef and mutton." Hayne thinks he will "probably go home with a Knickerbocher heiress" and "after the Honey moon—beat her with his national shillalah!" Wilde's poems, Hayne grudgingly admits, "tho in many cases unquestionably fine, show a ripeness nearly akin to rottenness!" He is "a fox," a "precious ass" who ought to be kicked "from one end of Broadway to the other."

Upon a few American writers Hayne comments freely. He shared the general attitude of his countrymen toward Walt Whitman, whom he condemned in bitter terms. He protests that "W W is either 'non compass,' or a charlatan!" Whitman is a yahoo whose work is full of moral and intellectual rottenness. Hayne tells Mrs. Dorr he cannot accept the word of the "English Clique," some of whom he regarded highly, nor that of Stedman, whom he admires. He doubts that there is anything tolerable in Whitman's poetry. In letter X he approves of a legal action taken against the "prurient and indecent verses" of *Leaves of Grass*. His objections to Whitman are largely moral, though he sneers at the "*ci-devant* N. Y. Omnibus Driver" being "a bard, a great poetical genius." This social animus is not surprising in Hayne; it is of a piece with his dislike of democracy expressed to Mrs. Dorr in letter XIII.

Longfellow, on the other hand, won Hayne's admiration both as a man, and as a man of letters. They first met in Boston in 1853 or 1854 at a dinner party at the Albion House. On that evening, which Hayne never forgot, he likewise met Emerson, Whipple, and Lowell. Longfellow befriended Hayne in the difficult year of 1873, when Hayne fell ill in Boston and needed a loan; again in 1879, Longfellow showed solicitude when Hayne required a doctor's care. He found Longfellow "a generous, sympathising, invaluable friend" whose heart was "even deeper and warmer than his genius." The "fine serenity" of this "equal-minded, indulgent, generous, philosophical genius" provoked Hayne's envy. Just as readers in England found reassurance in the religious affirmations of Tennyson's poetry, Hayne

found reassurance in the religious affirmations of Longfellow's poetry. It was the untroubled certitude of Longfellow which comforted him and bolstered his faith.

In the Concord group Hayne shows little interest; indeed, the only one he mentions in these letters is Emerson, whose Transcendentalism repelled him. He finds Emerson's writing cloudy, unoriginal, "a mere *elaborated* echo of the 'Neo-Platonism' of Alexandria." And while he wrote admiringly of the "fine serenity" of Longfellow in Cambridge, he could not brooke the serenity of Emerson at Concord. He detected below the surface of that "brilliant aphoristic language" a "certain *unrest*, perturbation, perplexity of movement;—that commotion, in fact," which "surely betokens spiritual trouble." He concludes that Emerson's serenity must have been "temperamental" and not "fundamental." He speaks of Emerson as "a genuine Poet" and singles out "Threnody" and *English Traits* for commendation, but it is apparent that he failed to understand Emerson's thought.

Letter XIII shows Hayne for what he was, an unreconstructed southerner. He hostilely observes the *bouleversement* in the social order wrought by emancipation of the negro, "which dragged up the lowest social strata of society, and artificially and despotically placed them on the top." Mrs. Dorr's servant problem is nothing compared to what "our ladies residing in the Country" suffer. This leads him to an attack upon the Jeffersonian principle of equality and its consequent "overthrow of *class-distinctions*." He resented "the levelling of bulwarks, (ordained by common sense, and experience), between diverse social ranks." And he despaired of any good coming from "the nobler instincts of the *People*, as civilized and elevated by Republican Institutions!" Nor could he believe that "the lower classes *must* all come right in the end! socially and politically." Toward the end of this letter, he recurs to the same topic and pleads that if he seems unpatriotic, Mrs. Dorr must remember that he is "an old Confederate," who has suffered "the ineradicable consequences of 'Sherman's march to the sea'." At the feet of Sherman and his men he lays the misery and ruin that dogged his wife's, his son's, and his own life.

Sectionalist though Hayne was in this political attitude, and loyal as he remained to Timrod, Lanier, Simms, and other Southern authors, he maintained an affectionate respect for certain poets of New England, where he had often visited. The war had plunged him into a desperate plight, but through the long hard years in Georgia he continued to pay reverence to Whittier, though the laureate of abolition, and to Longfellow. He found Longfellow's taste congenial and Longfellow's moral values his. A man of tougher mind might have profited by the seclusion of Copse Hill, as Thoreau by that of Walden; but instead of developing intellectual independence, Hayne assumed what he could of the far off graces of New England. His poetry all too rarely grew out of circumstances in which he found himself and continued instead to be largely derivative. It was his misfortune to lack the capacity to speak out roundly in terms which might have made him the voice of the South. At his best he expresses the hardships he and his people endured and the beauty of the pine barrens where he lived. In place of such autochthonous utterance we have altogether too frequently the pale imitations and posturings of his New England friend and model. It might have been better for Hayne had he never visited the North. What was genuine in him might then have grown

to full stature. The rich and groomed genteelism of Longfellow, protected by the reassuring wealth of Cragie House, sat ill upon Hayne, who eked out a perilous existence amid the harsh asperities of Copse Hill. For him there were few certitudes, and his shabby genteelism did little to lessen the miseries of his life or to ennoble his writing.

I

Address P.O. Box 275, Augusta Geo
September 12th 1878.

My dear Madame;—

Mr Millikin⁴ of "The Cottage Hearth" has kindly mailed me a copy of your "Vermont Centennial Poem" of 1877.⁵

This recalls to my mind the fact that some time ago, *you yourself* did me the honor of sending on this *very poem*.

Of course I would have acknowledged its reception; but just then unfortunately I chanced to be suffering from serious illness; and since my *partial* recovery, the pressure of a number of literary, and other duties, prevented me from so doing.

Let me apologize for my involuntary fault!

Now I have read your *Ode very carefully*, and in my honest judgment, it seems a thoughtful, suggestive, and beautiful performance;—with something unusually graceful in the *lyric* bursts, which vary the metrical flow of the verse, and impart to the whole a peculiar spirit of harmonious completeness and power. Especially do I like that lyric fragment beginning (on page 5):

"Did the roses blow last June?

"Do the stars still rise and set? &c"

As to the *political sentiment* of your "Centennial", I was pleased to find it broad and healthful. You scorn, I perceive, to raise a mere sectional paëan; or to depreciate the patriotic devotion of our "Fathers" of *one* portion of this continent in order to elevate the claims of *another* portion!

I see by the sketch of yourself (in "Cottage Hearth"),⁶ which Mr. M.

⁴ Daniel I. Milliken (1837-1905), born in Walpole, N. H., was editor of the *Malden Outlook* at the time of his death. For some years he edited the *Brattleboro Record and Farmer*, and from 1874 to 1894, the *Cottage Hearth*. He represented Malden in the legislature for two years. A brief obituary appeared in the *Boston Daily Transcript*, March 4, 1905.

⁵ "Vermont: A Poem Written for the Vermont Centennial Celebration" (Boston, 1877), read by Professor J. W. Churchill at the celebration, August 15, 1877, appeared in the *Centennial Anniversary of the Independence of Vermont and the Battle of Bennington, August 15-16* (Rutland, 1877). Soon afterward it was printed in the *Cottage Hearth*, IV, 236-238 (Sept., 1877); for comment on the poem, see *ibid.*, p. 230. It is most easily available in Julia C. R. Dorr's *Poems* (New York, 1913).

⁶ "Julia C. R. Dorr," by the editor, D. I. Milliken, *Cottage Hearth*, III, 1-2 (Jan., 1876).

mailed me, that you were born in *my own native city*, of Charleston S. C. My wife's⁷ extraction on the *paternal side was precisely like your's* on the *maternal*! Her grandfather, General DeMichel and grandmother, "were natives of France residing, after their marriage, in the Island of St. Domingo."⁸ Subsequent to her grandfather's death, her *grandmother* with two little children, (like *your own parents*), "fled to Charleston S. C. at the time of the *Insurrection of the slaves in that Island*!" Now *isn't* this a curious and interesting coincidence?

'Tis hardly needful for me to say that during *many years* I have been familiar with your name and productions, truly honoring *both*.

Among your longer poems, there is *one* combining narrative grace and simplicity, with genuine dramatic *verve*, which I admire in a special degree:—I mean, "The Friar Anselmo".⁹ *That poem is a noble one throughout!*

Apropos of poetry, I enclose a "Monody" of my own, upon *Gilmore Simms*,¹⁰ which may possibly interest you. Those who merely knew Simms, the man in a hasty way, and whose acquaintance with his works is *superficial*, will accuse me of exaggeration; but *au fond*, I've only advanced the truth! When you have done with it, please return the copy of this Poem! 'Tis the *only* copy I possess. With best wishes, and hoping, Dear Lady, to hear from you;—Believe me, Always Most Respectfully and Truly,

PAUL H. HAYNE

II

Address me P O Box 275 Augusta Geo.

"Copse Hill" Ga R Road Sep 27th 1878

My dear Madame;

It is indeed, a pleasant letter, that of the 19th Sept^r just recd from you.

The incident to which you refer—about meeting me in King St., Charleston, years ago—recalls vividly our "old City by the Sea"!

⁷ Hayne married Mary Middleton Michel (1831–1892) on May 20, 1852.

⁸ The article in the *Cottage Hearth*, n. 6, *supra*.

⁹ *Cottage Hearth*, V, 232 (July, 1878).

¹⁰ William Gilmore Simms (1806–1870). Hayne's "Monody" bears the title "W. Gilmore Simms" in the "Complete Edition" of the *Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne*, pp. 315–320. The author had read it at the "Simms Memorial Fund" gathering, December 13, 1877.

Simms, the literary dictator of the Russell's book store group in the Charleston of his day, alienated many by a certain asperity and arrogance, but Hayne maintained abiding affection for him. For a note on their relationship and on a lost "long life of Gilmore Simms" by Hayne, see Duffy, *The Correspondence of Bayard Taylor and Paul Hamilton Hayne*, p. 50, n. 6.

Oh! *how* I yearn sometimes to behold *once more* the flash of the ocean waves, and the long low stretch of the Carolina coast, as it glimmers away, mile after mile, losing itself finally among the mists of the marsh and the visionary surf!!

One reason why I love these, Pine-land solitudes, is, that the Pine-trees own the very voice and mystic intonation of ocean-billows; and when the wind steadily murmurs thro their branches, I imagine myself near my native sea.

By the way in what different regions of the globe you and I reside!

To *your* eyes the great mountain ranges appeal; and thro the eyes their majesty and beauty must reach the heart. But *I* look only upon illimitable forests stretched along level plains, or crowning hills of moderate elevation in what is properly called a "rolling country".

There is nothing of majesty in my landscape, unless it be that peculiar majesty which associates itself with dim shadows repeated again and again, and the sombreness of monotony upon a *very large scale*. Above, to our changeful, and *almost* Tropical heavens, one must look for what impresses us in Nature most deeply.

The Georgia *sky-scape* is indeed superb! As for our summer, and autumnal *sunsets*, they often literally defy all description. Were a painter like Salvator Rosa, or Turner to depict them accurately, the world would exclaim "exaggerated!! "impossible."

These sunsets—to borrow an illustration of De Quincey's "roll down like a chorus", affecting one precisely as music does, of a grave, half-mournful, and deeply cadenced dignity.

Mr. Millikin's "sketch" of your life and literary career, told me *many things* of which I was before ignorant. Evidently, it was penned *con amore*. Mr. M. has enthusiasm, and reverence for art and genius, two qualifications, or characteristics, not too common in our country or generation. Your likeness in his monthly I can readily believe a very poor affair; and no more *like you*, than it might have been, if taken by a Photographer in the *Moon*! The *enormous ingenuity* displayed by certain *artists* in maltreating the "human face divine", ought to procure for them unbounded distinction.

Let "lucus à non lucendo!" be their motto, and magnificent justification!!

I've been carefully re-perusing your Sonnet in "Scribners' " upon the death of "Mercedes".¹¹ It seems to me *exquisite*; a gush of *real feeling*, expressed with rare simplicity and grace! I am so glad that its merit has been recognized! And perhaps it carried something of comfort to the stricken heart of the royal Husband; in his affliction only a *man*; and

¹¹ "Mercédès," *Scribner's Monthly*, XVI, 651 (Sept., 1878):

ready, doubtless, to exchange places with the *humblest* of his subjects that remained happy, unbereaved.

The Stoddards I know well.¹² My wife and I first met them in 1853-4, as young married folks, settled for the time in Brooklyn,—Stoddard occupying a place in the NY Custom House. What a merry, laughter-loving, buoyant fellow S- was *then*; with a roguish eye, a mellow voice, and a singularly genial manner!!

But he has sadly changed!

Life has been hard upon him, and, honestly, I do *not* think that his genius, and performances have been *duly recognized*. He is a poet of *original gifts*, and as an artist, most conscientious. Do you recall his "Fisher and Charon" first printed in "Putnam," 15 years ago?¹³—Considered as a classical piece of blank-verse (*narrative!*) 'tis by no means unworthy of Walter Savage Landor himself!

And then, look at *some* of S's lyrics! Are they not perfect? His *Chinese, Persian, Arabian and Hindoo* songs I don't like, despite their unquestionable ingenuity;—but the simpler *English ones*, ought to live.

"History," in the last "Atlantic"¹⁴ is well conceived; and some passages have *great force*; but others are, surely, very reckless as to versification?

"Will"¹⁵ sent you yesterday, a copy of the verses to him which you liked.

And I'm glad that the "Simms Monody" interested you!

The sympathy expressed by you for the *yellow fever* sufferers has been displayed so *nobly*, and *extensively* at the North that I cannot but think the two sections *nearer* now in feeling, sentiment, and affection, than *they ever were before*.

Accept this lame, imperfect letter as the best of which I am capable at present.

My health is *miserable*; and I can write no longer as I desire to write.

¹² Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903) and Hayne were in correspondence throughout the fifties and sixties; for Hayne's letters to him, see Daniel Morley McKeithan, *A Collection of Hayne Letters* (Austin, Texas, 1944), pp. 3-46, 48-50. What at first was a cordial friendship cooled with the passing of the years; *ibid.*, 31 n. Although Hayne strained himself to be fair in his judgment of Stoddard, it is evident he had lost affection for him; see letter XVIII. For other references to the relationship of the two men, see Victor Hall Hardendorff's unpublished Master's Essay (Duke University, 1942), *passim*; also Duffy, *The Correspondence of Bayard Taylor and Paul Hamilton Hayne*, p. 9, n. 3.

¹³ In *Putnam's Magazine*, VIII, 493-498 (Nov., 1856); collected in *Songs of Summer* (1857); see McKeithan, *A Collection of Hayne Letters*, pp. 20-21.

¹⁴ This poem by Stoddard appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, XLII, 467-470 (Oct., 1878).

¹⁵ William Hamilton Hayne (1856-1929), Hayne's only child, early began to write verses. His sole book, *Sylvan Lyrics*, was published in 1893.

Need I say that I shall be frankly rejoiced to hear from you *again*; and at *any length*,—the *greater*, in fact, the *better*?—

Some "mss", verses of mine, not as yet published, I venture to enclose for your examination, if not edification!

Please *return* them.

With earnest regards from my "winsome Marrow",¹⁶

Very Faithfully yrs

Paul H. Hayne

(*To be continued*)

¹⁶ Hayne was fond of referring to his wife as his "winsome marrow"; see postscript to letter X, and note on "Yarrow Unvisited."

CONFEDERATE EXILES IN LONDON, 1865-1870: THE WIGFALLS*

Contributed by SARAH AGNES WALLACE

Louis Trezevant Wigfall¹ (1816-74), noted Confederate senator and brigadier general, was one of the many Confederate officers who suddenly in 1865 at the close of the Civil War, found themselves adrift in London without money and without work. A few found appointments in foreign armies; a very few had English friends and relatives; but most of them had left home or camp immediately on the death of Lincoln, and fled by way of Mexico or Canada to escape the threatened vengeance. Some had lost their plantations of sugar, rice, cotton, and tobacco, as well as their slaves. They still had hopes of selling their stores of cotton bonds. When these proved worthless, they became agents for new American railways, mines, or factories. But the English had lost faith in American securities, few sales were made, and after wandering the streets, without lodging or food, some of these refugees were forced to seek aid at the legation of the United States to return home. The story of the sufferings of these exiles has not yet been told.

From the family papers of Louis Trezevant Wigfall in the Library of Congress the troubles of some of these Confederates may be gathered. In print there is little to be found concerning General Wigfall himself. His speeches as a senator from Texas are in the *Congressional Record*; and his daughter, Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, in her reminiscences,² has given family portraits and incidents of his happiest years.

Louis Trezevant Wigfall, son of Levi Durand Wigfall and his wife Eliza (Thompson), was born on his father's plantation in Edgefield District, was graduated from what is now the University of South Carolina, studied law at the University of Virginia, fought in the Florida War, and then in 1848 went to Marshall, Texas, to practice law.³

Wherever Wigfall went, he attracted devoted followers, but he also stirred up bitter opposition. He fought duels and had killed his man. As a member of the Senate in Washington in 1861, he was noted for his fiery oratory. He was the last of the Southerners to leave the Senate; his final boast was: "We have dissolved the Union, mend it if you can." But even in the Confederate States he differed with army officers trained at West Point, as well as with experienced members of the Cabinet and with President Jefferson Davis. His London letters are quiet and hopelessly pacific.

But through all his struggles, General Wigfall was optimistic. He had been fortunate in 1841 in his marriage to Charlotte Maria Cross of Providence, Rhode

* Annotated by the Editor.

¹ Wigfalls were in South Carolina almost from the beginning. Their names appear on parish registers of St. Philip's, Christ Church, Prince Frederick's, St. Thomas and St. Denis', and many other early colonial records.

² *A Southern Girl in '61* (New York, 1905).

³ *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Island. Her mother was a rich woman, formerly of Charleston, with Southern sympathies. From the letters of Mrs. Wigfall and her three children, still at school in 1861 in Boston, some idea of the poverty of the exiles in London may be obtained.

Halsey, Wigfall's son, after a few months training in the military school at the University of Virginia, fought in the battles and became a Confederate major at the age of eighteen. He fled with the family to Europe but returned to seek work in insurance in New Orleans and Arkansas, and in the Colorado mines which his father the General was trying to sell. Again he was back in England with his father. Many years later, in 1892, Halsey Wigfall was appointed United States consul at Leeds and had lost his desire to write poems.

During the war, by the aid of William Walters of Baltimore, Grandma Cross had managed to send gold through the lines, as well as the schoolgirls, Louise and Fanny Wigfall. Perhaps the longest and most legible letters from London were written by Louise Wigfall, who in 1871, became Mrs. D. Giraud Wright of Baltimore, and still later, the president of the Daughters of the Confederacy there. "Little Fanny" Wigfall, born in 1852, a staunch little rebel in Boston, adds few letters to the collection. She grew up in Richmond and London, and in course of time, became Mrs. B. Jones Taylor.

During the bombardment of Fort Sumter in April 1861, General Wigfall's heroic trip to the fort in an open rowboat to demand its surrender, gave him wide notoriety. After the war, he escaped to England by way of Galveston. Among his unpublished papers in the Library of Congress is an unidentified newspaper clipping, without date or heading, reprinted below:

Radical London correspondent of the 1st inst. says:—

General Breckinridge with his family have just arrived in London from Canada. The ex-General and Secretary of War, of the Confederacy, looks old and careworn, and seems to have lost the dignity which characterized him when he presided over the Senate of the United States.

He has come to look after some funds which are supposed to have been smuggled away by some of the rebel agents. I am afraid that he will find that the remains of the cotton loan is not available for the uses of the Richmond Cabinet.—He is too late.

J. P. Benjamin, now a member of the English bar, was sharp enough to get three or four thousand pounds, which he claimed as unpaid salary. He got the money last week. What remains is fast going upon "Baden Baden" and other pursuits.

Poor Wigfall is here too, and has brought all his family with him. His errand was the same, and his friends at the Langham say that he looks very dejected, seedy, and disappointed. I think a little of the plunder should have been saved for these unfortunates, for it was known that they were coming.

Through the letters and papers of the Wigfalls, the reader gains an insight into the sufferings of the Southerners exiled in Europe during the Reconstruction period in the United States. Only the refugees and displaced persons of the World Wars can fully sympathize with their misery. Most of the families finally found a way to return home through Mexico or Canada. Some died abroad. A few far-

sighted who had transferred their wealth in time, remained permanently in London or Paris.

In a brief review of the 518 pieces of the Wigfall papers in manuscript, some without dates or headings, with uncertain signatures, and with envelopes removed, it is possible here to give only a few of the many letters of the family, which was scattered from Providence to Texas, and from New Orleans, to London. Other manuscripts relating to the family are in the collections of other notables of the day.

The unpublished Journals of Benjamin Moran⁴ contain many references to Wigfall and other Confederates who called on Secretary Moran at the United States legation in London. With these officers, Moran had more patience than with the Union officers making the grand tour as government agents in Europe. Quotations from the Moran Journal interspersed chronologically among the Wigfall letters here, show how all Americans in distress thronged to the legation of the United States for advice, for passports, for gossip, for tickets to palaces, for loans to get home, or for bread and a bed. Moran described them all in his daily survey.

LOUISE TO HALSEY

Gloucester Place, Portman Square
London, W. Nov. 23d, 1866

Dearest Brother,

I wrote you a letter a short time ago, intending to have it enclosed in one of Mamma's as she was writing at the time, but we found it made it too heavy, so I deferred sending it, and it is now too old to be acceptable. Since you left us we have heard of so many shipwrecks and horrible accidents at sea that I must confess that I was much relieved to hear that you had arrived safely at New York. I hope you went from there by rail and are now in New Orleans. This is my third letter. One I sent by Mr. O'Brien, and the other by Mr. O'Sullivan's brother-in-law. I think both Mamma and Papa are in better spirits than they were some time ago, and I hope affairs are brightening. We went yesterday to lunch with Papa's new friend, Mr. Morgan and his wife, who is a sweet little woman with very nice manners. Mamma has written you about Papa's hoping to get business through Mr. Morgan's hands, &c. We came home the other day and found that Dr. Hunter had sent tickets for the "Princess" to hear "Barnaby Rudge". Neither Mamma nor I cared to go, so we sent little Fannie in our stead. Papa went with her and she was quite enchanted at having her hair "crimped" over her back and with her white muslin frock. She looked very sweetly and enjoyed her evening very much. The scenery in the play is very similar, I believe, to that in "The Streets of London". The Opera was here for two weeks a short time since, and Gen. Mc Rae took a box for us to hear Titians in "Figaro". You know she is now the first Prima

⁴ For review of published journals, see "Notes and Reviews," *infra*.

Donna in Europe. The part of the Contessa which she had was not calculated to display her voice, and I was rather disappointed in her on that account. When she returns in the season, I hope I shall hear her to better advantage. The old General did the thing quite in style, a very comfortable box and a nice carriage. The house was very well filled, and we had the felicity of seeing the Duke of Edinburgh and some other members of the Royal Family, or they might have been merely persons of distinction, with him. The royal box was quite full. Mamma says the only thing she remarked about the young Prince was his large red hands and his wearing no gloves, which last was certainly singular.

Nov. 22.—Mamma and I made an excursion a few days ago to see the Mannys. Mary has returned from Scotland, and we had a very pleasant visit, talking over old times. She says she has been called very much like your friend Mrs. Carter in appearance, and I was amused myself to see how true it was. They told us that the Walkers found it rather dull at the Isle of Wight. I have never heard a word more from the young lady of the family about either the proposed dinner or the visit in the country.

We see Mr. O'Sullivan very frequently, and I expect he is more intimate with us than with any family here. He comes in often to dinner, and the last time we gave him your enclosed piece, which he reserved for private perusal. If you have time while in N. Orleans, you must find out the Keiths[?] They were very polite to us in Richmond, and I know liked you very much. You will see doubtless the elegant "Bro Ned" if he has not left to visit his friend Prince Carl at Berlin. You will enjoy seeing your old friends. There is nothing like ones "Ain Countrie", even though enslaved. Good bye, my dear Brother, and God bless you.

I am your devoted sister LOUISE.

GENERAL WIGFALL TO HIS SON HALSEY

57 Gloucester Place Portman Square
London, W June 18, 1867

My dear Son,

Yours of the 30 May was received by the last mail and I have time to answer it. Louly will also write by this or the next steamer. I regret very much that you are not able to come to us in consequence of the want of funds. and though I am not surprised, I hoped, yet hardly expected, you would be able this year to make your expenses. If I am not greatly disappointed I shall be able in a week or two to make a remittance which will enable you to come at once or if your business should detain you, enable [you] to borrow[?] it without embarrassment. I wish you had stated what amount you needed and whether you are indebted to O'Brien & Hall for just expenses. However I will do the best I can for you and hope

to be able to send £50, which as I have already said, you can use as you see fit. If O'Brien & Hall will advance nothing and do nothing, I do not see what advantage the connection is to you or their money. I suppose it would not be possible to get cotton pledged for next year if they will not agree to make the advances. Under these circumstances I do not see what you can accomplish by remaining in the country unless you can be in a partnership with some firm having the necessary capital and the will at the same time to use it. I should at once look about here to see if I can secure you any occupation in this country and write you fully in a few days. It is stated in the newspapers that Texas has promised a large land grant for the benefit of emigrants and £10,000 to defraying the expenses of those who wish to settle up the country[?] I have been offered the use of £40,000 to carry into effect the scheme with approved security from the £10,000 advanced by Texas provided I can get the agency and I am told by business men that very large profits can be made. Will you ascertain at once how much truth there is in the report, and who has control of the fund and agency. If it is entrusted to the Governor, I have no doubt Throckmorton would give it to me, if he knew that I desired it. If you find that there is any thing in it, write to him at once for me, and ask the appointment. If there is any objection to my name being used, I will furnish him [?] the names of those who will furnish the additional capital to carry out the undertaking, and he can give the agency to them, which will answer the same purpose so far as our interests are concerned. Emigrants can be got in this country and on the Continent, and I can get all the capital necessary if I or my friends can get the agency. Look into this matter at once and act promptly as the agency may be given to some one else should Throckmorton not know that I want it. As to Capt. Cyang's [?] plan, I will see what can be done and will write him on the subject.

I see from the papers that a similar proposition is made by the state of Florida. I do not know who is the Governor of that state and do not know the Post offices of Maxwell, or any other of my old friends there. You might make the necessary enquiries in New Orleans, and you may find some of my old friends who would be willing to aid me in getting that agency also. Chargewell [?], Galloway [?], Uln [?] and any other members of Congress, or of the Cabinet, or of the Army might be applied to if you can find out their post offices, or find friends who will write to them for us. The letter you enclosed was from Hampton who writes in very bad spirit and expresses great anxiety to leave the country as soon as he can get the money and arrange his debts. He expresses great kindness and hopes to see you before you leave. It would be well to see him if you can conveniently. I will write you again soon and hope to be able to send you some money

when I can. I am my dear Son, in great haste, very truly and sincerely,
your affectionate father,—

L. T. WIGFALL

For God's sake do not stay in New Orleans after the sickly season begins. Remember you have been since boyhood always in a cold climate and therefore you are doubly liable. You can easily make all your arrangements and provide for your letters being sent forward. I have written this without your Mother seeing it, for fear it might worry her.

LOUISE TO HALSEY

57 Gloucester Place, Portman Square,
June 29, 1867

We were all dreadfully disappointed when your last letter came, telling us of your decision to remain so much longer in America. Yet time flies fast, and I hope you will be able to come yet sooner than you had anticipated. Mamma answered your letter immediately (about a week ago, I think) and [I] had a letter from her yesterday, saying I must remember the mail. You must know that she and Papa are in Liverpool. They went in haste Friday. Papa had some particular business to see about, and as Mrs. Hamilton wanted us to pay her a visit, it suited very nicely for Mamma to go. Mrs. H. has moved out of London to a little place at Brentford near Kew Gardens, and about twenty minutes from here by rail. So when they were going, Mrs. H. came up and after taking a nice drive in the Park, we went out with her for a few days. We have become quite intimate during this winter and spring, and I think she improves very much on acquaintance.—We went down, as I told you, after Mama left,—but I had an engagement at the Crystal Palace to a grand concert festival, so Fanny and I came up Wednesday evening to town again. I went with a Mrs. Rice of Alabama, a funny, regular good, old Southern woman, and Miss Lucy Burns, a cousin of the Richmond Burns [?], and young Henry Lay (a son of Bishop Lay). Henry has been here in Europe since last fall and has been travelling all over the Continent. They left yesterday for Scotland and Killarney, and Miss Burns expects to return home in August. The concert was a grand affair,—Grisi and a Mario, Patti and Titiens, and a number of famous singers. The Prince of Wales was present, I believe,—about twenty thousand visitors.—The choruses [were] composed of 2500 persons. After the concert I would have returned to Mrs. Hamilton's but I have been expecting Agnes James any day.—I have a letter every morning and it is only a week today since they left, four days of which I spent out of town. I think it likely they will be here to night—if not, certainly tomorrow morning.

Mrs. Hamilton came up this morning and lunched with us. She has

just left. She is a sweet little woman, and I feel very sorry for them, to be in a strange land with so little money, and as she says when that is gone they do not know where they will get any more. You know he has never been paid the salary that is due him. They left town for economy and are very pleasantly fixed in a little village. We have had a considerable break lately in our usual monotony by several Confederates arriving and nice little changes in our arrangements. Mrs. Perkins, the wife of Judge Perkins of La., came over some weeks ago, and with her quite a party—her daughter, Evelyn Bayley, Miss Virginia Tayloe, a Miss Jenkins of Baltimore, and Mary Triplett [?], a beautiful girl from Richmond (who was at school with me when there but who has grown up since the war). She is a niece of Mrs. Bolling. They all lived in that handsome brown stone house in Franklin St.—Mary's uncle's wife. They brought a great deal of news, and Mary Triplett gives a droll account of things in Richmond. They all agree in one thing that there are no Yankees in society at all. Mary Haxall [?] is as gay as ever, and I am afraid has not given up her old propensity for flirting. Norvell Laskae [?] was engaged to a Mr. or Capt. Dangerfield Sims, and everything prepared for the wedding when she announced that the whole thing was broken off. She would give no reason why even to her mother, and the natural conclusion [?] is that the gentleman was to blame in the matter.—I am giving you her account of things. It has never been explained, and so it rests. Judge Perkins and his party, with the exception of Mary Triplett, who, I believe, stayed with her aunt in Paris, are going after the Emperor's fete, to travel on the Continent—through Switzerland, Germany, and down the Rhine again to Paris. He and Mrs. Perkins invited me to accompany them, and Papa told me if I wanted to go, he would try and arrange it. Both he and Mamma are very anxious that I should see something of Europe while we are here, and no one more than I; but Mamma had a letter from Mrs. Izard saying that she was going to send Josephine over to Mamma for a few months if she could manage it. We have not heard from her since and we are expecting any day to hear that she is on her way,—but in the meantime it is entirely impossible for me to leave and not be here to receive Josephine when she comes. Mrs. Izard hinted that she wants her to travel, and it is possible that she may come over with people whom I know, and if so, I would rather join their party, or if not, I could then very easily join the Perkins party in Paris. The only difficulty in the way of my enjoying the latter is the number of persons and only one gentleman. However when Josephine comes, we can determine on all that and see what can be done. I was so in hopes you would have been in England, and then if Papa had been successful as we hope he will be in his plans, we might have gone together, and in addition to your own and my enjoyment in having you with us, you would have been another gentleman, which is a great thing in travelling. It may be,

however, that you will still be in time as we should not go till August and at any rate you could follow us afterwards. The only thing, you know, is—as you call it, the root of all evil. I hope, however that Papa may manage that.

And now I must tell you about the Baylorites [?](—or did Mamma tell you in her last?) Mrs. Walker has returned to America to spend some time with some one who is a sort of ruler in Kentucky (as Mrs. Wilson, an English woman told us. You know they have very faint and indistinct ideas of things in America, particularly the forms of government)—on a visit. After that they have no plans. General W. is to stay in England to get rid of some money necessarily [?] tied up a little in the funds during so long a stay (I am still giving the lady's story).

They have a fortune of some ten to twelve thousand a year. (Dollars or pounds? I asked, but she said she *did not know*. She always supposed pounds and no money was mentioned) which was useless to them as Gen. W. had not asked pardon. It is really fearful to think of persons [?] making such strange deviations from truth,—to put it in its mildest form. Junita and Mrs. B. have gone to the Continent with Louis as an escort—and will join Gen. Walker, I expect. I should feel very sorry for his family if they had not behaved so much like impostors—it is a hard word but used advisedly.

My little friend Rosalisa [?] was married the end of April and had a grand wedding. Clara Campbell is engaged to a Mr. Frederick Colston of Va., a poor but a very nice person and well thought of. [I] suppose they will be married before long. I wish you would try and go to see her. It will seem strange to her if she knows you are in New Orleans and you should not do so. This is a very untidy letter, but my pen is bad and I must write it over. Fannie is rejoicing in the possession of eight canary birds—two of them are little things and expected to be beautiful. She is very anxious that Buddy should see them.

We are having a little touch of warm weather just now, and I expect you are suffering with the heat in N. Orleans. I expect you have seen the stately Bristow and that you might tell us what he says. Fannie is asleep. I hope your next letter will say you are coming on.

I am, dearest brother,

Your devoted Sister,
LOUISE.

MRS. FRANCES M. CROSS TO MRS. WIGFALL

Naragansett Pier, July 10, [1867]

We came here on Monday, the 8th, my dear child, and feel the change to the ocean air very agreeable. W. B. had been quite sick for two days and feels somewhat relieved since we came, though he still has the neuralgia

pain in his head. The boys and Alice and Mary like the bathing here very much, and I bear the disruption of my home habits as patiently as I can. At present we have the house to ourselves, but next week other boarders are coming as all the rooms are engaged. Mr. and Mrs Babcock are coming on the 23d, and Emma Howard and her husband on the 1st of August. The house, beds &c are as clean as it is possible to make them with new paper and paint, and the fare excellent, You know we have been here before. I like our landlady very much; yet as far as my own comfort is concerned, I had rather be in my own chamber in my old rocking chair, aside of the window, looking out upon the green fields. I dread the arrival of strangers, as it is discordant to all my feelings to be perpetually in a house full of people that I care nothing about. At my age people are wedded to habits, and no interest in outside enjoyments can compensate for changes in domestic arrangements. Mr. B. has engaged his rooms for July and August, but I don't think I shall be able to stand it that long.

Last eve I received your afft letter of June 25 from Liverpool. I was glad that you have had a little change and also for the girls. It must be disagreeable to be in London all summer, but if I understand rightly, you are near enough to a park to give you a pleasant place to walk in, which must be a great advantage. I suppose Josephine Izard is with you by this time. I received letter from Rose⁵ saying she would be in N. Y. (The day after I recd her letter). I thought Josephine would sail the next day with some persons whose name I have forgotten. She apologized for not giving me earlier notice by saying she had just heard of the opportunity of sending her daughter.

As I thought it very probable she would not get my letter in time, I only sent an envelope enclosing Mr. Morris' letter. But I wrote you by the steamer, dated June 26 (I believe), and sent you a photograph of Alice. I supposed Halsey was with you long ago. Of course there is no hope of my seeing him now. I am sorry for the Prioleaus, though they are such a heartless set. After living in such luxury, it must be a severe trial to come down to poverty, and he has so much pride too. Poor Lynch was taken away, happily for her and Elizabeth too. I seem to be the only one of our intimate circle in Charleston who is left to witness the ruin and degradation of the South. How I have wept and mourned for your father and brothers, and yet how often, since the downfall of their country, have I thanked God that he took them! How could they have borne the ruin and insult which is heaped upon the South! To be ruled by Yankees and negroes—I am thankful that none of my children are there. The grandchildren are young and will get used to it. I have arranged it that the

⁵ Josephine's mother, Rosetta Ella (Pinckney), widow of Ralph Stead Izard (this *Magazine*, II, 239).

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sexton of St. Michael's Church should receive as his due for the last two years, \$5 per annum, to keep my husband's and childrens' and their grandparents' graves in nice order.

I asked Mrs. Gilman⁶ how Sickles⁷ was liked, whether he was invited by the nice people in Charleston. She said she had only heard of Judge Magrath⁸ calling, and he had been a good deal censured. That vile woman, his [Sickles'] wife, is dead, but he has a little daughter there, who was to be sent to the school where Louisa Porter's daughter goes. Mrs. G[ilman] said she asked Louisa what the girls would do, and she said, "Oh, we shall treat her politely". The school is kept by Mrs. Gov. Alston (Adele Petigru).⁹ Mrs. Petigru is almost in a dying condition (that is if she ever can die), ministered to by two negroes who have continued faithful, while her affectionate daughters are currying favor at the North. Did I write you about Sue King's¹⁰ readings in Boston? Poor Adele K. Middleton is going to have another baby. From several things I have heard, I don't believe Sue has the least principle. Mrs. Gilman says that the negroes in Charleston had separate cars and preferred to be by themselves in the street railroad cars, but that rascal (who ought to have been hanged when he murdered poor Key) abolished the negroes cars, and ordered them free access to the other cars, in consequence of which the Charleston ladies are debarred that privilege, unless they choose to sit with their negroes. What an unnecessary insult to the Southern ladies! I *suppose* it was because they did not call on his wife (tho' I did not hear so). I feel so indignant when I hear of these things that I am glad you are in Europe. However painful it is to me to be separated from my dear and only child, I am glad Louis has taken you all away, for I cannot in the nature of things, live much longer. Mrs. Gilman said she had been jostled and pushed from the sidewalk by negro girls, and that the white people had been obliged to give up the Battery to the negroes. Trench Porcher¹¹ has had the good luck to keep his house on South Bay, and is fighting manfully in business to support his family. Louise writes her mother, "Is it not strange, Mama, Albert

⁶ Carolina (Howard), literary wife of Rev. Samuel Gilman, Unitarian; her best known writings are *Recollections of a Southern Matron* and *Recollections of a New England Bride*, both of which went through at least two editions.

⁷ General Daniel Edgar Sickles (1825-1914), military governor of the Carolinas.

⁸ Andrew Gordon Magrath, who discarded his robe as federal district judge and dramatically closed his court upon the news of Lincoln's election. He was governor Dec. 1864-May 1865.

⁹ Sister of James L. Petigru, wife of R. F. W. Allston.

¹⁰ Daughter of James L. Petigru, wife of Henry C. King; later, she married C. C. Bowen, a notorious Republican politician during Reconstruction.

¹¹ C. P. Porcher and P. J. Porcher were at 28 South Bay (Charleston *Directory* 1867-1868).

can vote and Trench cannot"? Albert was their slave. I am glad to hear Mr. and Mrs. Clay are at home and alive, if they can enjoy life. If you write to them, remember me. There have been several marriages and deaths in Providence—but no one that you care about. Abby was well the day I left. She came to bid me good-bye and she always sends love to you. Mary Head [?] was also at the house. Her health is bad and I urged her to come down and pass a week here. I am in hopes she will come. Mrs. Whaley said she could give her a room now, but not later in the season, and I wrote to her the day I came. I hope she will come. She always sends love to you all. Poor thing, I believe her health is really bad and that she ought to have a change. George, Alice, John, and little Mary send love to you all, in which I join.

God bless you and yours, my dear child

Your afft. Mother.

N. B. is not in and does not know I am writing or he would send his regards.

LOUISE TO HALSEY

Gloucester Place, Portman Sq. London, W.

Oct. 20, [1867]

We were sitting this evening as usual after dinner in the dining room when Emily brought me your letter. We were delighted as you may suppose, dearest brother to get it and to know of your being safe and well. Mamma had a note from you yesterday from Liverpool, and we saw in this morning's paper the arrival of the vessel at Queenstown. Mamma was charmed to know you were so comfortably situated. I hope you will have a pleasant voyage and reach home safely. We have all missed you dreadfully, and Mamma is constantly wondering what "her boy" is doing and if he is sick &c, &c, &c. We have not been out since you left, and nothing of any importance has occurred. Mrs. McHenry was here the day after you left, and the Mannys came this morning again and paid quite a pleasant visit. Mary has not yet returned from Scotland. They are expecting to return to their former quarters in a few days. I am sorry as they seem to be agreeable and inclined to be sociable. Papa has seen nothing of Mr. O'Brien since you left and was getting rather uneasy about the last package of letters he has to send by him, when he received a note saying he would be here in the morning. We have moved down stairs, much to my joy, and are as cozy and comfortable as possible. We were very much amused at the idea of your conversation with the Frenchman and we want to know *which* remark you made to him, "Don yez moi 000 tay", or "Donyez moi 000 erf" [?] and what was his reply. We have heard nothing from the Baylor concern since their departure. The Mannays gave us to-day a

rehash of the Minnie King gossip, obtained from Mrs. Walker. Between them all the poor girl is pretty well picked to pieces, whether justly or not I can't say. Mamma is to write you in a few days and I expect her letter will reach you before this does, but I did not like to let Mr. O'Brien go without sending a few lines, never mind how stupid they might be. Mamma says she supposes, of course, you wish all letters addressed to you coming here, to be opened, and that in case she should find them containing any matters of great importance that she will duly forward them. She sends her best love and a kiss. Fanny says she will write to you very soon and sends love. I hope you will persevere in keeping us informed of your doings. It is a great comfort to get your letters and particularly now when you have so much of interest to tell us about the country and all of our friends. It is getting late and I must close.

Goodbye, my dear brother, and God bless you—

Ever your devoted sister

LOUISE.

Do you like me to direct your letters to *Major Wigfall*?

MRS. WIGFALL TO HALSEY

London, Nov. 24, 1867.

We have received your two letters of Oct. 21 and 27, my dear Son, I last wrote to you on the 5th. I am truly glad to see from the papers that the firm is now in New Orleans and feel quite relieved. You seem to be having a pleasant time with your friends, but don't tell us much about the mess [?] You are not obeying my instructions about the postage on your letters. We think tho' that you are not entirely without the needful. I should be glad enough to know that you were making a little headway. I fear from the accounts that we see in the papers and also from what you say that the cotton prospects are poor indeed in Texas. Do you think you shall be able to do anything at all in that line? I must not forget to tell you that we were very much pleased with Mr. O'Brien. We have only seen him twice for a few minutes, but I like his straightforward, honest manner and wish very much that you could succeed in your connection with him. We sent you the little box by him and you will have probably got it before this reaches you. I hope you will like the scarfs and gloves. If these last do not fit, write me your number. We were uncertain about the size. The short pair are for riding about on your country work. I hope the slippers reached Liverpool in time for Mr. O'Brien to take them. They were made up after we knew that he was going, and were sent after him after he left here. We guessed at their size and hope you can wear them. I had little idea, my dear child, when you went away that you would be gone so long. Josephine Izard is still here, but she expects to return soon

to Paris and come back here in the spring. She is a very showy and brilliant girl but a little too independent possibly. The fact is that she is at the head of her own family, owing to different circumstances, and has been obliged to decide for herself, and it has had that effect, but she is very sweet and pleasant in spite of it, and we all like her very much. I hear frequently from Mamma, and in her two last letters she says if Mr Bucklin would permit Alice to come with her that she should like very much to come over next summer on a visit, but that she doubts if he will, and so do I. I don't believe that he would hear to it. In the first place her mother would not like to part with Alice, and then again, since that money business last winter, he does not like me, I think. I wrote him a letter which gave him offense and which I now regret, although I still think he deserved it. Mamma has not yet been able to hear of any escort for Mary. If you can hear of any means to get her to New Orleans, do write and tell her for pity's sake. Mamma could not of course come to this country unless Mary returned to Texas, so this is an additional reason. Your Father has gone today to the British Museum to hunt up law upon this Rail Road question upon which he is still engaged. I wish they would be more prompt in their payment. He has received part of his fee but it was unfortunately due by us to others before we received it. I tell you these things to let you know, my dear Son, why we have not been able to help you. It is pretty hard work to keep our heads above water, and I fear you will have to depend entirely upon your own exertions. The Spanish matter still hangs fire, and I fear will never *go off*. All send best love to you, my dear Son,

Ever your devoted Mother,

C. M. W.

JOURNAL OF BENJAMIN MORAN

1867, Dec. 13,

Judge Redfield called about Mr. McHenry and the A. & G. W. R.R. his opinion has been asked by Wigfall and George McHenry about these securities. He considers both debentures and consolidated bonds good. I exposed Geo. McHenry and set at James McHenry's enemies generally. Mr. Adams¹² was present and did not seem to like it.

1868, January 31,

Two detective officers came to know who Gen. Titus was, and intimated that a charge of Fenianism had been lodged with Sir Richard Mayne against him. I assured them I knew he was here in commission for the United States Treasury, hunting up rebel property in this kingdom, and had no more to do with Fenianism than I have. They spoke of Ager and

¹² Charles Francis Adams, American minister to the Court of St. James.

also of Wigfall, and I told them who this last was. At the same time I told them that the General had himself told me that people unfriendly to him here had threatened to make such a charge against him. I thought Wigfall was not fool enough to engage in treason here, having had as much as he cared to do with that kind of business on our side. They said Sir Richard Mayne sent them.

1868, Feb. 5.

Gen. Louis T. Wigfall of Texas came to see me this morning. He asked if inquiry had been made here as to his being a Fenian. I said there had incidentally, but I assured the inquirer that I did not believe it. He asked to be allowed to use my name for authority that the question had been asked; to which I consented. Wigfall is a rough man with dark beard and hair, is thick-set, about 5 feet, 8 inches high, and appears a hardy man. He was indignant at being accused of Fenianism, said he had been a tory all his life, had been *reformed* out of his own country, had no sympathy with Mr. Bright, none with Fenianism, and was disgusted with British tories now. Altogether I like the *man*, although he is no doubt very unscrupulous.

Gen. Titus came in and told me he had a pleasant interview yesterday with Sir Richard Mayne, whom he convinced he was not a Fenian. He says that Sir Richard asked about Wigfall and Sanders, both of whom have been reported as sympathizers with the Fenian organization.

(*To be continued*)

A FRENCHMAN VISITS CHARLESTON IN 1777¹

Translated by ELMER DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Limestone College

The author of this account is unknown. Moreover, his purpose in coming to America is also unknown, although his interest in fortifications indicates that it might have been military. He was not connected with Lafayette or DeKalb, since he speaks very objectively of them in later parts of his account. He was rather liberal in viewpoint for his times, and this probably accounts for the fact that his account was not published, since the manuscript was found in the files of the official censor. His account is written in the form of letters to a friend or relative in France. Only the parts referring to Charleston are here translated.

I embarked from Bordeaux, as I told you in my last letter, to join the expedition to Saint-Pierre and Miquelon. The ship was almost ready to sail when orders from the Court arrived and put a stop to the expedition. Not knowing when the French ships would finally sail, I changed my plans and embarked on an American privateer bound for Charles-Town in South Carolina.

After many days we arrived in sight of Fort Sullivan or Moultry [*sic*] which is situated at the entrance of the bay of Charles Town. The winds were not favorable for us to enter, so we were forced to remain outside the harbor for several days, struggling against the winds and the currents, until at last the wind changed and we were able to pass the bar and disembark in Charles Town.

I cannot tell you how happy I was to find that I had escaped the British, because without knowing it we had passed through some very real dangers. They look on us here as the favorites of fortune, because on the very same day that we arrived in sight of land, a French brig was burned and sunk just off Georgetown, and our ship, though a privateer and built for speed, could hardly have escaped the same fate, since it was loaded heavily with merchandise which we had seized from an English vessel bound for Jamaica.

Now that we are here in safety, and our ship is anchored near the shore, I will describe for you the scene that met my eyes as we approached Charles Town from the sea.

Charles Town is situated at the confluence of two rivers which come together about four leagues from the open sea forming a bay about three-fourths of a league wide, but one so cut up with sand bars so that even the lightest ship cannot sail straight in any one direction for very far.

¹ From a manuscript in the Bibliotheque Nationale; excerpts printed as "Un voyage en Amerique au temps de la guerre de l'indépendance" in the *Revue du Dix-huitieme Siecle*, 1918, v. 5, p. 52-73).

At the points where the channel comes nearest to solid land, they have built two forts, so that between them and the sand bars, the passage is so difficult that the English frigates (which in June, 1776, passed the bar and penetrated almost to Charles Town) do not dare to enter. One large English warship did try to enter, avoiding the channel near the forts, but it fell victim to its own rashness and ran aground on a sand bar, where, in spite of the skill of its pilot and the bravery of its sailors, it was captured by an American landing party.

This success, due both to good fortune and a strong defense on the part of the Americans, against the attacking British fleet, led to the changing of the name of Fort Sullivan to Fort Moultry, the name of the general who commanded it during the battle. Moreover, in order to commemorate the happy ending of this attack against their city, the flight of the British ships after their defeat, and the vigorous defense of their city by the Carolina volunteers, as well as the building of the forts (whose fortunate construction they had not previously appreciated), they began to celebrate Palmetto Day² as one of their patriotic holidays, such as people in a democratic and popular government often have to commemorate the occasions in which they had to defend the rights which nature had given them, against despotic forces.

Here, in brief, is a description of the construction of these forts which proved so advantageous to their defenders:

The palmetto, which is more plentiful in this vicinity than anything else, is a tree of great size and grandeur, without branches, very straight and very spongy. This latter quality renders it so elastic that when a bullet strikes it, it sinks in but does not go through. Thus a fort constructed of palmettoes can withstand a great fire of bullets and actually become stronger as more and more metal buries itself within its walls. This is so true that the Americans, instead of repairing the holes made by the fire from the British ships, merely plastered over them, leaving the bullets encased in the walls.

These forts, built of palmetto timbers lying one above the other, are not raised very high, and their construction would seem to make an attack by a scaling party easy, but getting to the fort and making a landing under its guns is not only very difficult, as the British found out, but also very dangerous and impracticable. Thus the two forts are very important, guarding as they do the harbor and sea entrance to Charles Town, which is the only port of Carolina where large vessels can enter.

As for the Palmetto Day celebration, it was purely military. The details of it were worked out very carefully, as these celebrations are usual and frequent with the Americans, probably because they need to maintain their spirits at a high degree of enthusiasm. I will describe it for you care-

² La fête des palmiers.

fully, so that you can see for yourself the difference between a really patriotic celebration and those official celebrations where the participants feel no sense of patriotism and act coolly indifferent throughout the day.

At the break of dawn, the Palmetto Day celebration began with numerous discharges of artillery, beginning at Fort Moultry, since it is to that Fort that the glory of the day belongs. Next come the firing of the guns at Fort Johnson, then those of the other emplacements in the city and along the shore, next the guns of the men of war in the harbor, then those of the privateers, and finally even the guns on the foreign ships join in as an expression of good will for the Americans.

At midday the Congress assembled at the State House and reviewed the militia of the Province, with the volunteers and the artillery corps. The forts and all the vessels in the harbor responded with a second artillery discharge, and then the two companies of volunteers, the heroes of the 28th of June, lined up and took again the oath of allegiance to the cause of Independence. All the townspeople cheered them, and after firing three rounds of musketry into the air, the volunteers disbanded and went home.

At two o'clock the Congress, along with the commanders of the forts and some of the militia officers, retired to the State House to a grand dinner. The food there was served in abundance, and even in profusion, but without pomp and without much etiquette. At the end of the dinner, all the guests present drank toasts to the health of the President of the Province, Mr. Rutledge (*sic*), of the President of the Continental Congress, Mr. John Handcock (*sic*), of General Washington, of General Moultry, of all those loyal to the common cause, and also to the prosperity of Carolina and of all the thirteen provinces, to their constant union and amity, to the Liberty Tree, and finally to the firm and faithful resolution to defeat the British.

At the central square, at the foot of the Statue of Pitt, a detachment of artillery volunteers gave thirteen tremendous cheers, each one accompanied by a round of cannon fire, and all applauded by the surrounding people from the streets, the balconies and the windows.

About sundown, the forts and the artillery on the ships fired a last round, and this served to mark the end of the celebration for them, but in the center of the town another portion of the celebration was still well attended. This was a dinner, given out in the open under the palmettoes, for the militia and volunteers, their families and friends. Although these public feasts seem to affect the natural taciturnity of these Americans, their expressions of joy in their liberty usually took the form of toasts cheered by everyone, to Congress, to General Moultry, to the men and officers who were killed on the 28th of June, and above all to one of their brave sergeants, who, seated among them, received with apparent pleasure the homage they paid to his bravery.

It seemed to me that this tribute to a living hero was much more fitting than those which we pay in Europe to legendary figures, and that these popular military celebrations are far more real than those forced upon an indifferent population. Moreover, instead of wasting their patriotic fervour, these celebrations serve to further arouse the republican and anti-royalist spirit of the people, who vie with their leaders in expressing their love of liberty. Thus, these celebrations serve as excellent political moves, making not only enthusiastic citizens of the people, but ardent partisans of the new system as well. Even the followers of the Royalists and many who are indifferent to the common cause, see the example set by the others at these affairs and are gradually educated around to their beliefs.

A fine display of fireworks, illuminating almost the whole town, brought an end to the festivities which had allowed the people to forget for a while their present troubles, but in more happy times such a celebration would undoubtedly have been followed with gay parties, balls and dances. It is quite noticeable that public misfortunes have been sensibly allowed to put an end to displays of luxury in the English colonies, and it is only fair to their people, especially to the women, to tell you that such luxuries as one does find here are only the remnants of more happy days before the war, and are not newly acquired. Such commodities as are brought into the colonies these days are absolute necessities and not luxuries.

Charles Town is a town well situated for trade; the harbor is large enough for the building, refitting and arming of ships, and yet it is well protected from storms, even from the northeast. Its quays are commodious enough; one can unload there the largest vessel, although there is sometimes danger of grounding at low tide if it approaches closer than thirty feet.

The view of this town on approaching it from the sea is very imposing; the part of the town seen from the river approaches in magnificence the entrance to the city of Bordeaux, with the exception that here one sees everything at a glance, while at Bordeaux more and more of the city unfolds as one approaches. From a distance one can see here the tower of a church that is built in the modern manner, but quite different from our method of building them. The flag flying from the market house in the middle of the city (as seen from the river) gives a fairy touch to the scene that is quite pleasing. The remainder of the town preserves the opinion that one has received at first glance; the streets are wide, all parallel or crossing at right angles; there are gateways of marble or other stone before many of the houses, and everywhere there are well-made walkways of brick. The houses are of brick, or well-constructed of wood, with the boards arranged in a manner not like ours, but nevertheless pleasing to the eye.

There are trees along most of the streets, but there are not enough of

them to make it pleasant to promenade along the streets in the heat of the day. Many of the trees were planted so as to shade the houses.

In the middle of the square formed by the intersection of the two main streets is the statue of M. Pitt, the friend of the English colonies. Since the war began, the people call it the statue of liberty, not being able to forget the one in whose honor it was erected.

The white population of Charles Town is not very large; there are probably not more than 2500 or 3000 families. But there are many more Negroes; one will meet 7 or 8 colored men on the street for every European that he encounters.

Without wishing to draw a parallel here between the type of Negroes that one finds in the English colonies and those in the French colonies, I cannot help mentioning that there is a very noticeable difference. Although the Negroes here are under the yoke of slavery, one doesn't hear them complain as much as ours and one doesn't see them cringe or appear afraid of every white man as they do in our colonies, where every one of them seems to think that every white man has a whip or club ready to mistreat them at any moment.

Without affecting the foolish pride of our free Negroes, the Anglo-American Negro slaves have an air of self-respect about them that doesn't appear to be arrogance, and yet shows that they look upon white men other than their masters as human beings and not as tyrants. On Santo Domingo, on the other hand, every slave is the slave of every white man, so to speak, and every slave expects to be ordered around by every white man he meets, and beaten if he doesn't obey without a murmur.

These conditions, which so much offend the Frenchmen who come to the Islands, prove without a doubt that it is the training which the slaves receive while they are becoming civilized that makes them troublesome or not. Here, under the protection of the law, the despotism of the master is restrained, and the treatment of the slave is relatively good, while in our islands, where there are few laws in favor of the Negroes, one sees the ferocity and severity of their treatment by the whites increase rather than diminish. Here the self-respect and serenity of the slave in the presence of white people shows the manner in which they are treated by their masters, and just as the agriculture here shows an improvement over that in our islands, so the conditions of the slaves here shows up our colonies at a disadvantage when compared to the Anglo-American way of life.

This would be the place to tell you of the government, agriculture, commerce and finance of Carolina, but these subjects are so similar in all the 13 provinces, I will leave you in suspense about them until I can treat them as a whole. I will pass on now to my voyage from Charles Town to Philadelphia.

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DR. IRVING'S REMINISCENCES OF THE CHARLESTON STAGE

Edited by EMMETT ROBINSON

(Continued from January)

No. 18.¹⁸

In passing along I have omitted mentioning many, who, although they were not "Stars," held a respectable rank in the profession. Among this number was a man by the name of Kenyon. [1819-27] He was a member for several successive seasons of a company that performed in the Old Theatre. I am induced to mention him, to remark that he had the most wonderful memory I ever knew—a great advantage to an actor. He could take a part of several lengths in some new play—that is, new to him—and after reading it over three times, repeat it word for word. He went from Charleston on a professional venture, with a few theatrical people, to the West Indies—Jamaica, I believe—and soon after his arrival there, fell a victim to the climate. In contrast to Kenyon's ability, as "a quick study," I can relate a very ludicrous scene I witnessed on one occasion, in front of the Old Theatre. When Kean was acting in Charleston, (particulars of which I have already given,) the Company he had to depend upon, to support him in the inferior characters of the plays he appeared in, was the *Circus Company* under the management of Cowel. Now, the Company, or rather the better educated among them, would one night do *the ground and lofty tumbling* at one place, corner of Friend and Queen-streets, and then on the following night, perhaps, would *strut their hour upon the stage* in Broad-street, *at all events, this was the ondit and joke of the day*. Whenever the services of any of the Equestrians were needed to fill up the parts in a play, the words were written out for them, and they were told to learn them—this, they designated *head-work*, in contradistinction to their other occupations; it was, (to indulge in a pun) a Bit beyond being *Bridle-wise*.

One day I saw one of these men—a good natured, humorous young fellow he proved to be—walking with a quick step up and down before the front entrance of the Theatre, and being a very warm day, his conduct attracted my attention as somewhat incomprehensible, particularly as he would keep striking and pressing down his cap upon the top of his head with great force and vehemence. I ventured at last to ask him for an explanation of his singular conduct and motions. "Why, certainly," said he, "I can easily give you a reason for the faith that is within me. You must know I have been cast for such a part, (naming it) and I am now studying the words—here they are on this sheet of paper, in my cap.

¹⁸ *Charleston Daily Courier*, Dec. 28, 1858.

I have put them in there in the hope that, as the weather is very hot, *they will soak into my head*. If they do not get in in that way, all I can say is, they will never get in in any other!" . . .

I remember "Old Faulkner" [Thomas, 1817-30] with a great deal of pleasure, as many of my elder readers must also remember old Tam O'Shanter, as we used to call him. He was a good creature, and an especial favorite for a long time in Charleston—he was one of the features of his time at convivial parties, and generally sung, for the amusement of the company, a certain set of comic songs. It is common with professional persons to have on hand a small stock of songs, to be used on all such occasions. Two of old Faulkner's were, "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," and "To be sure I can't sing an Oration."

One of the stipulations inserted for a long time in all of his engagements in Charleston, was, that he was to have the night of Easter Monday for his Benefit. He always had a good Benefit, so popular was he with all classes. The first and only time I saw the extravaganza, as it may be called, of "the Manager in distress," was when it was produced for the benefit of Faulkner. Actors were posted in all parts of the Theatre—Gallery—Second Tier—Boxes and Pit, and took a part, to the astonishment of the unsophisticated portion of the audience, in the dialogue going on the Stage. When well done, it must be quite effective and amusing.

Poor old Tom Faulkner, after his day was over in Charleston, and his sun had set, he got an engagement in Philadelphia. On one of my periodical visits to the North, during the summer, I called on the old man, at the Chesnut-street Theatre—seeing his name on the bills posted at the corners of the streets. He was more than glad to see me, and insisted that I should go home with him, that he might introduce me to Mrs. Faulkner—the second Mrs. Faulkner. He had recently married a widow, who had not only (so I heard) been left with a comfortable house over her head, and with a *great many silver spoons*, by her first husband, but she also possessed the talent, in an uncommon degree, (I can vouch for the truth of that,) of making an *excellent cup of tea*. Right glad was I to be a witness of the happiness of my good old humble friend. But it was of very short duration; the old gentleman's days were numbered. Soon after my visit, I heard he had gone to his final rest!

"Charley Young" [1806-35] was another character very familiar to the habits of our Theatre. He and his wife "Becky," as he always designated her, were for a long time well known, not only on our boards, but on the pave of Charleston. She was, when I first recollect her, a beautiful woman, and he a remarkable looking man, and useful actor.

Young was well born and well brought up in early life, and knew, there-

fore, how to conduct himself in society—consequently he had many friends, on and off the boards.

It was the laudable ambition of Young, though in some measure fallen from his high estate in his latter days, always to be thought moving in the best society, and in no other. I remember well, one summer in the olden time, when Gilfert was accustomed, as the hot weather approached, and he could not keep the Theatre open to advantage in Charleston, to move his Company for the summer months to Albany, in the State of New York. Mr. Daniel Gaillard, Col. Thomas D. Condry, and another, who need not be named, traveling towards Saratoga Springs, halted for a day at the capital of the State of New York, and of course announced their arrival to the manager of the Theatre, Gilfert, who immediately called, and insisted upon the party going, one and all, to the Theatre; but, instead of going to the front, they were introduced *sans ceremonie*, behind the scenes!

On their entrance into the green room, Young took it upon himself to do the honors of the establishment. With a very consequential air he approached Condry—he being a man of the highest title, a *Colonel*—and conducted him around the room, presenting him to the assembled members of the Company—to every individual separately—as his intimate friend, *Colonel Condry*, remarking as he emphasized the military title of *the Colonel*. “Ladies and gentlemen, *you see what company I keep in South Carolina!*” adding, from time to time, in a loud voice, an inquiry after some of the most noted gentlemen of that day in our city—“How is Harry Manigault, and James Rose, and Robert Pringle, and the *Governor?*”—meaning the late John L. Wilson.

Mrs. Young, [1806–11] as I have said, was a very beautiful woman, when young. She was “the observed of all observers,” wherever she appeared. She was for several seasons in Charleston, but died somewhere at the North. Poor old Charley must have been much affected at her death, for he volunteered to tell me he was for many days “like Niobe, all tears;” he then went on to say, in his peculiar manner, “you can judge of my distracted condition, perhaps, when I inform you I had all the feelings of that unhappy woman, Rachel I believe her name was, who having lost all her family, is represented as having gone about ‘weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.’”

Though I felt every disposition to sympathize with him in his loss, I could hardly command my gravity when he described to me that his wife had by the affectionate solicitude of some pious ladies, been laid out in state, in an elegant coffin, lined inside and out with costly fabrics, large brass nails studding the coffin lid. “You were accustomed,” he said to me,

"to admire Becky as a mortal, a thing of flesh and blood, but if you could only have seen her when she had left this world for Heaven, you would have seen in her face the *Angel* that she was!" . . .

No. 19¹⁹

. . . . another anecdote of the famous Charley Young, characteristic of a peculiarity, many of our readers will recollect he possessed and exhibited, always to be considered as *moving in the best society*; his favorite remark was, "If he knew a prouder man than Charley Young, he should not live a minute." But to our anecdote.

He had been down to Sullivan's Island one afternoon in the steam boat with some boon companions, apparently 'hail fellows, well met,' enjoying himself very much. From the pranks they played upon him, if he had not been the most amiable of men, he might very well have said with *young Hamlet*, "they fool me to the top of my bent."

When he got back to the city, on landing at the wharf, he espied other friends of the more aristocratic order, coming out of the same boat, but they had been in a different part of it during the trip from the Island, in consequence of the crowd. After cordially recognizing him, they insisted, for *auld lang syne*, that he should accompany them on the Bay, and *take something* at the French Coffee House, as they passed along.

This invitation, so *genteely* tendered, Young was too *genteel* a man to decline. When they were at the bar of the French Coffee House, and in the act of *smiling* and imbibing—going through the usual compliments of "Here's to you"—"May you live a thousand years"—"May you be *Young* always"—his humbler friends of the early part of the afternoon, who had modestly lagged a little behind, now ventured to approach where Young was standing, and addressed some familiar remark to him. He immediately turned, assuming a most dignified, yet ludicrous air, and said, loud enough to convulse the whole company with laughter, who knew the pomposity of the man, and comprehended all the circumstances which made it so rich a joke—"Gentlemen, you do not, I believe, *belong to this party!*"

After a very eventful life, Young ended his days in Charleston, from an attack of yellow fever, about twelve years since. Like Aristides, the Just, and many other eminent men that, in their day, had filled a large space in the world, he did not leave at his death sufficient property to pay for a coffin and for the poor privilege of manuring a poor piece of ground, six feet by four. He was buried, therefore, at the expense of friends.

Mr. Frederick Smith was very kind and attentive to him in his last illness, and collected, assisted by other friends of the deceased, an amount large enough to give him a respectable funeral. He was borne to earth,

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, Jan. 5, 1859.

like Will Watch—"By the friends that he died with." His remains were deposited in a grave, dug in a spot designated by himself not long before he breathed his last, a little West of the now Bowling Alley of the Hampstead Club, not far from the residence of our esteemed fellow-citizen, John H. Tucker, Esq. No monumental marble marks his resting place, but the mound, though not enclosed, is still visible that covers his dust. *Requiescat in pace!*

The name of Mrs. Hughes [1799-1842] is another very familiar name to all play-goers of other days in our city. My acquaintance with this estimable lady commenced, I won't say, (as she is still alive and blooming) how many years since.

"Ah! that is a long time ago, Madame Belgarde;" all that I will say, is, that it is far back as the palmy days of the old Broad-street Theatre. Her worthy husband, Mr. Hughes, was then alive,—in manners, dignified—a true gentleman—much respected by every body, on and off the stage—he was the representative of the "Serious Fathers," the "Lieutenant Worthington's," and characters of that sort, and well he looked and supported them.

Mrs. Hughes, when I first recollect her, played leading business, in Tragedy and Comedy—on the retirement of Mrs. Gilfert having succeeded to the line of business, a long time monopolized by that lady on the Charleston boards. As years passed away she gradually dropt the lighter and more juvenile parts, and confined herself to *heavier* business—the "Lady Macbeth's" and "Elvira's." These she has now abandoned, also, having for many seasons been a member of the company under Mr. Burton's management in New York, both in Chambers-street and Broadway, playing the difficult line of "Old Women," in a manner that manifests her experience and thorough knowledge of stage business, and versatility of genius—a more useful, reliable, and respectable lady in her profession the drama cannot boast of.

I ought to have spoken of Mrs. Gilfert, [1815-26] "in good set phrase," in the enumeration of those stars that shone brightest at the time of Mr. Gilfert's management in Charleston. No one occupied a more enviable place on any boards in this country or in England, than Mrs. Gilfert did during the whole of her theatrical career, either as Miss Holman, when first introduced to the notice and criticism of the public by her father, or in later years, as the wife of Mr. Charles Gilfert.

Mr. Holman [1815-16] was a man of education, accomplishments and taste, and brought up his daughter with great care.

After Mr. Gilfert left Charleston, to assume the management of the Bowery Theatre in New York, Mrs. Gilfert may be said to have retired into private life, devoting herself to the education of an only daughter,

Sophia. Mrs. Gilfert did not live many years after leaving the stage. Her daughter married a gentleman at the North, who removed to the Western country. . . .

No. 20.²⁰

After the retirement of Mr. John Sloan from the management of our theatre, having been at the head of the concern for several seasons, to the entire satisfaction of the proprietors and the public, winning the respect and good opinion of the community by his efforts as an actor and his integrity as a man, he was succeeded in office by Mr. Marchant, a wonderfully successful caterer for the amusement and edification of our playgoers. The public may judge of his claims when we state that immediately on renting the theatre he decorated it entirely anew, and opening on the evening of the 19th October, 1857, produced during the season, with entirely new scenery, the effective drama, in five acts, of the *Willow Copse*; also, *The Courier of Lyons*, *Azael*, *The Prodigal Son*, and the fairy spectacle of *Aladdin* as a Christmas holiday piece, which was so well got up and presented that it had a run of two weeks—a very extraordinary success and circumstance in our small community. . . .

The company itself was a very good one. Mr. Dwyer, an excellent actor, was a member of it at one time; and Mrs. Marchant, both in the higher roles of tragedy and comedy, had few superiors. She had evidently carefully studied her profession, and fashioned her style after the best models. We are prepared to say much in commendation; but why should we do so? All praise will now fall upon *the dull cold ear of death*! This popular and accomplished lady, to the great consternation and grief of her many admirers and friends, suddenly departed this life in Charleston on the 14th January, 1858.

Miss Shaw, a very pleasing actress, was a member of Mr. Marchant's Company. In farces, wherever her voice and singing powers could be introduced, she was found very useful. She seemed to be a general favorite, for we have heard one admire her voice—another, her acting—another, her lady-like deportment. She belongs to an eminent histrionic family. She had two sisters, I remember, much admired on the stage—Mrs. Hoey, the pretty and graceful leading lady at Wallack's Theatre, is one of them.

We will not speak particularly now of Miss Avonia Jones, one of the brightest stars of the season, as we look forward to seeing her again in Charleston ere long, and will then have ample opportunities to do justice to those abilities, and that rich promise of even greater triumphs to come, that have with one consent been conceded to her by all critics, wherever she has played.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, Jan. 15, 1859.

From the earliest period of dramatic performances in Charleston to the present time, there has always been some one well qualified to speak the praises of those upon the stage who merited particular commendation. "No gem of purest ray serene" twinkled in vain; no flower bloomed and "wasted its sweetness on the desert air;" no *star* shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not, as far as the public mind, *unsophisticated*, could be enlightened by judicious criticisms. Among others who might be cited in our community as having, from season to season, been distinguished for their dramatic writings, were Messrs. Carpenter, Momford, Edwin C. Holland, J. N. Cardozo, Isaac Harby, Wm. Crafts and W. G. Simms.

We wish, however, to speak particularly of Mr. Isaac Harby. He was a remarkably gifted man. He not only criticised well, but he was well acquainted with stage business, and, therefore, was capacitated to write several plays, which were successful in the representation, admired equally as to plot and composition.

He was a very agreeable companion, a thorough scholar—all his early life was spent in Charleston—but his genius was cramped here; he very prudently removed to New York, where a wider and more profitable field was before him, in which to exercise his fine talents. He was establishing an enviable reputation as the best dramatic critic and Belles Lettres scholar of his day, when death hurried him off the stage of life into a premature grave.

If Mr. Harby had never written anything else than his address to the Reformed Society of Israelites in Charleston, and which we had the gratification to hear delivered by him in 1825, his name would deserve to descend to the latest posterity, as that of a superior man, and independent thinker. The address I refer to is among the selections from the miscellaneous writings of Mr. Harby, which were arranged and published soon after his death, by his attached and distinguished literary associates and friends, Hon. Henry L. Pinckney and Abraham Moise, Esq. It abounds with the most pious and philosophic sentiments—with arguments, by which he nobly and discriminatingly vindicates the Jewish character, and puts a right estimate upon it; showing that whilst other nations magnify themselves by their achievements, *their glory* consisting in *what they have done*; it is glory enough for the Jew at present, to know that *he still lives*, and moves, and has his being. . . .

No. 21.²¹

. . . . The early Managers of the Old Theatre, in Broad-street, from the beginning of the present century, namely, Placide, Holman, Gilfert, Charles Graham, have passed away, and so have many who had the direction of

²¹ *Ibid.*, Jan. 19, 1859.

the New Theatre, in Meeting street, when it was first built, and opened to the public—Abbott and Latham were its first Managers, and they, "after life's fitful fever, sleep well."

I have given an outline of the professional career of all of the most distinguished actors and actresses, I have seen play in Charleston from 1806. It may be very interesting, now, to all surviving play-goers, to learn something of the present *whereabouts* of the *old actors*—how Time has dealt with them, and circumstances disposed of them. . . .

Young Payne, after he left Charleston, fulfilled engagements in the different Northern cities, and then went to England, where he turned dramatic author, and wrote the tragedy of *Brutus*, for Kean, the elder. This play, I saw well received at Drury Lane; it had a long, successful run in London, and still holds possession of the stage.

I need not say anything of Mr. Cooper. I refer my readers to the recent pages of the *Home Journal*, for full particulars of him upon the stage, and off it; these particulars are contained in a memoir written by myself.

Caldwell, who was once a member of Mr. Holman's Company in 1817, and on whose account the memorable *row* took place in the Old Theatre, soon after that event, went to New Orleans and there settled, becoming a very enterprising and prosperous citizen. I remember him well, before he came to America, when he belonged to the Liverpool theatre, in which were several performers, who were then young men, but subsequently became famous, namely, Vandenhoff, *the elder*, who, by-the-bye, has just taken leave of the stage in England, and Browne, still living, and occasionally appearing on the boards, as often as his health will allow.

Of the old set, well remembered in Charleston, Hillson, Spiller, Hyatt, Frederick Browne and Mrs. Browne, Miss Tilden, Mrs. Barrett, and Miss Placide, we may well ask, *where are they?* and Echo will answer, *where?* Our readers, of my age, will doubtless recollect the fun created by Hilson, as *Nipperkin*; by Spiller, as *Little Johnny in the Chair*; by Hyatt, as *Jimmy Green*; by Frederick Browne, as *Bob Logic*—imitating Gilfert; Mrs. Browne and Miss Tilden were both in the same original cast of "Tom and Jerry," when brought out in Charleston.

On the night the amateur play was performed for the benefit of the Greeks, the play was the *Poor Gentleman*. Mrs. Barrett was "Lucretia McTab." I never shall forget a remark of her's she made to the amateur who played the part of "Dr. Ollapod." "Without any flattery," she said, "you are the best Ollapod I ever saw upon the stage with the exception of your making him a little too gentlemanly."

George Barrett, her son, *gentleman George*, still lives, respected by a large circle of friends; so do the two pretty Misses Riddle—one married Mr. Smith, an actor, of Boston; she is still on the stage—the other married

the late Mr. Field, of Mobile, who managed several Theatres in the West. He was quite literary, contributing largely and acceptably to several papers from time to time.

Kean, the elder, soon after he returned to England from this country. ended his days near London.

Macready has retired from the stage, and lives near London, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*, an independent gentleman, respected by all who know him.

Mrs. Knight has also left the stage many years. The following tribute to her when she was in youth and beauty, and a very much admired Child of Song, may be worth preserving:

"If to the sphere above thy strains could rise,
The darken'd world would be in piteous plight;
Apollo, charm'd, would quit his tuneless skies,
And leave the empire of the world to *night!*
And if fair Dian on thy charms should gaze,
Vex'd in the clouds she'd veil her paler light;
But both extinct, earth would not miss their rays,
Too blest with darkness, when it brings sweet Knight."

Hamblin, (Tom Hamblin, as he was called by many,) after playing star engagements in Charleston, and other towns for many seasons, at last settled in New York, and became the manager and owner, as I believe. of the Bowery Theatre. He died in that city about five years since.

Clara Fisher *made her* fortune, and married a "Mr. Maeder."

Henry Placide lives the life of a farmer on Long Island, New York. He enters into no permanent engagements now, I believe, as one of a regular company, but his home is at such a convenient distance from New York as to enable him, whenever it suits him, to go up to the city, and play a few nights, without inconvenience or loss of time, giving, thereby, the old play-goers and the young, both of whom are always glad to see him, a touch of his quality as *Old Grandfather Whitehead* and other characters he has made peculiarly his own.

"Forrest" has realized a fortune, yet continues upon the stage, occasionally playing in the Northern cities with undiminished attraction. A rumor prevails that he is about to retire.

Mr. Hackett, though he may be heard of as playing occasionally, may now be considered as having retired from the stage, and become a gentleman "of elegant leisure." Of all men I have had the opportunity of knowing, *of his profession*, I never met with one who was a more satisfactory companion. It was very soon perceptible from his conversation that he was a man of mind, and considerable scholastic attainment. This he evidenced not only *off* the stage, but *on* it, for it was this that enabled him to excel

in such a variety of characters. No one of his profession, I venture to say, has ever shown greater versatility of genius, and pictured upon the stage in truer colors, a greater variety of national features. In his *Solomon Swoop*, he gives us the Yankee; in his *Col. Wildfire*, the Kentuckian; in his *Rip Van Winkle*, the Dutchman; in his *Monsieur Marbleau*, the Frenchman; in his *O'Callagan*, the Irishman; in his *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, the Scotsman; besides the representation of many other characters, such as *Falstaff*, *Sylvester Daggerwood*, &c., which go to show, from his original manner of personating them, that he is no imitator, but that the mind has much to do with him, in determining how his conceptions of an author's meaning can be best illustrated. The routine of his characters is very diversified. Their utter dissimilitude is very striking. His parts are all *contrasts* to each other, yet all perfect in their kind. They follow in rapid succession, night after night, or even *two* or *three* in one night—the offspring of one parent mind, yet each different to the other, as if they had not “one common Father!” I have never known him, various as are the dialects Mr. Hackett assumes in his acting, running one of them into another. He preserves them distinct and marked throughout a whole performance.

Mr. Hackett is rated as a comedian, but he possesses true *tragic* power. *Feeling* he certainly possesses in an exquisite degree. The strongest evidence of it is, that he can make others feel. There are little *bits* in his *Rip Van Winkle* which cannot be exceeded in pathos and beauty by any living artist; replete with interest and touches of nature, that ever leave an agreeable impression upon all who have the judgment and taste to appreciate true histrionic genius.

Vincent DeCamp made his first appearance in Charleston at the Old Theatre. He opened, I remember, as *Gossamer* in “Laugh when you can,” and made a great hit—and continued, not only that season, but for many more seasons after, a popular actor. He died in Texas, about ten years ago. He was the brother of Mrs. Frederick Browne, who will be remembered by many as having been a member of Gilfert's company, and a most excellent actress indeed she was. They were brother and sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble; and, consequently, the uncle and aunt of Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler.

Miss Shirreff married, and retired from the stage. She is living in England.

Mrs. Timm, who used to be such a great favorite in Charleston, continued on the New York boards with like admiration for many years, . . .

Her husband, Mr. Timm, is a musician of eminence in the great commercial metropolis.

Mrs. FitzWilliam died in London a few years since.

Burton is still very prominent in his profession, and may be quoted

as among the most successful of Theatrical managers in our country. We hear from all quarters he has realized a large fortune by his vocation. We had not an opportunity of seeing him during the recent engagement he played in Charleston, but recollect his attraction upon a former occasion well. I see on my note book, this entry, which is significant of what his profits must have been at that time. "Burton's Benefit, *twelve hundred dollars!*"

No. 22²²

Mr. Sloman, [John, 1852; 1854] one of the former managers of our theatre, has retired from public life, and as a private citizen of Charleston enjoys, as he fully deserves to do, the esteem of a large circle of friends. Mr. Sloan, [John, 1853; 1855-7] another of our managers, is at Wallack's theatre in New York, the leading low comedian. Mrs. Sloan [1852-6] is also playing at the same theatre.

Seguin, [Arthur, 1839; 1848] the vocalist, is dead, but his wife, Mrs. Seguin is alive, and one of the most successful teachers of music in the city of New York.

"Ellen Tree" [1837] played her first engagement in Charleston as "Miss Tree." I remember she reached the city after a fatiguing journey from New York in the *afternoon* just in time for her to make her arrangements to go to the theatre to perform. She opened in *Julia*, in Knowles' "Hunchback." She was very tired, and was, consequently, "too tame," thereby disappointing public expectation. The next night she did better, and was greatly admired. By her exquisite delineation of the classic character of "Ion" from Sergeant Talfourd's play of the same name, which she subsequently performed several times, the public appreciation was greatly heightened—all the excellencies of Miss Tree were recognized—a sweet and simple earnestness of manner in delivering the sentiments and *making* the different *points* of the part, set off by an attractive grace and sparkling eyes, made her a great favorite. Not very long after her first engagement in Charleston, she married Charles Kean, and then played an engagement here [1845-46] with her husband. The united career of Mr. and Mrs. Kean in this country was very prosperous as man and wife; it has since been equally so in England. Mr. Kean has been for many seasons conducting "The Princess Theatre" in London in a manner to entitle him to every respect from the friends of the legitimate Drama. Mr. Kean was honored last year by an election, as a member of the Antiquarian Society of England. This was done in testimony of the practical proofs he has recently been giving of his antiquarian lore, applying it to the purposes of the Drama, in getting up, as he has done most successfully,

²² *Ibid.*, Jan. 21, 1859.

a series of Shakespearian Illustrations at the Princess Theatre, producing effects of a kind hitherto totally unknown even to the best read, most classical and artistic of London playgoers. In the art of employing, to the greatest advantage, every available resource, costume, scenery, and *living pictures*, to work out his conceptions and presentations of the text of Shakspeare, Mr. Kean never has been approached in his vocation! . . .

James Wallack, [1832; 1856] though well stricken in years, has not yet fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; his is a green old age; it is surprising to see how he yet makes up for the stage, and with what power, as of yore, he goes through his parts. He has been a long time the governing spirit of a theatre in New York, that bears his name, where play-goers, who seek for a rational and pleasing amusement, are always sure to find a good company, and, therefore, well performed pieces; the talents and experience of Mr. Wallack putting them always properly before the public.

There are a thousand delightful associations embalmed in my memory in connection with this, as he may be called the "Antinous" of the American and British theatres, James Wallack, who, in the gallant "Don Felix," has ever looked like a Spanish cavalier who has just descended from a picture dashed into life upon the easel of a Rembrandt or Velasquez. The genius of Sir David Wilkie was not more manifest in a high degree when, glowing with life from his pencil, the canvas presented the tableaux of *The Rent Day*, and *Distraint for Rent*, than does the living illustration of his imagination, "Martin Heywood," as it stands in the touching and admirable personification of Wallack.

But his peculiar excellence, as an actor, consists in the great variety of characters he sustains. I do not recollect any of my own age, nor have I ever read of any among the old actors of the generation gone, who possessed his diversified qualities. . . . Cook, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Young, Vandenhoff, Cooper, Forrest, were, or are tragedians—only at home and easy in the more dignified *role* of the Drama.

We see, therefore, each of the distinguished persons we have named, with one exception, confined to a particular limit. Not so with Mr. Wallack. His talents unite the *universality* of acting in one person, so that it is difficult to decide the superiority of his excellencies in the very opposite and contrasted walks of *Hamlet* and *Dick Dashall*—the *Brigand* and *Walter* in the "Children in the Wood"—*Rolla* and *Martin Heywood*.

I do not hesitate, therefore, to pronounce Mr. Wallack no common artist—one that it will be well for the rising men in his profession to keep before them as a good model in many respects.

Conway—alas! poor Conway—was drowned off the Charleston Bar, on his way to Savannah.

Power ended his days at sea, in the ill-fated steam ship *President*, on

her voyage from New York to Liverpool—no one surviving to tell the tale of darkness.

Forbes, [W.C., 1832-47] after quitting Charleston put his trust in *Providence*, and went there, where he was for a long time at the head of theatrical affairs in Rhode Island. He has, however, lately gone to England, accompanied by Mrs. Forbes. They are trying their fortunes there, with success.

Cowell, [Joe, 1825] one of the best of comedians in his line of business, no longer acts in a Theatre, but confines himself to *comic singing* in a concert room. In his best day, when at the old Park Theatre in New York, Cowell was fully equal to the celebrated Munden, as "Crack" in the *Turnpike Gate*, and characters of that sort. We remember him, also, with pleasure, as a very gentlemanly man off the stage. . . .

No. 23²³

. . . . Having now disposed of all we had to say of the *past* history of the Theatre, it only remains for us, ere we bring these numbers to an end, to speak of the present Company, acting at our Theatre, under the management of Mr. Marchant. . . .

"The Sea of Ice" was got up at the early part of the season by the Stock Company—we do not hesitate to say that it was the most finished and imposing *spectacle* ever produced on the Charleston boards, either as to scenery or the style in which the several characters were dressed and supported.

There are several subjects I would briefly touch upon before I conclude. The *first* is this: *Play goers* in a community expect always a great deal from the *Players*, whilst they seldom think how much is *due to the Players*. . . .

Again, let me touch upon another matter. If audiences hope to have the players *respectable*, they must be *respectable* themselves. As "the company" is, *before* the scenes, so will "the Company" be, *behind* the scenes. The proprieties ought to be observed in both places. When auditors are ill bred, how can it be expected that actors will be *polite*—I mean studious to please by elegance of manners and a showing of mental cultivation?

I do not speak this as if there had been, of late, some offences against good breeding in our Theatre—any *Boweryisms* have been imported from New York, which do not properly belong to our latitude.

Now, these things are so unlike a Charleston audience, or what a Charleston audience used to be in other days, that I am sure, for our good name, and for the good of the Theatre, they will not be permitted to take root here, should they make their appearance; however, all I can say is, at

²³ *Ibid.*, Jan. 29, 1859. This number concludes Dr. Irving's first series, "The Theatre as It is and as It was."

once "reform it altogether." But *how?* it may be asked. I answer, nothing more easy. Whenever a person offends, immediately stop the performances on the stage, and do not begin them again until the unbred person, who will *prove to be no Carolinian*, "no native and to the manner born," is removed from his seat, by a proper officer appointed for the purpose. One such example made, and we will hear no more of *rowdyism* or *Boweryisms*, or whatever else it may be called, in our Theatre. . . .

(To be continued)

MARRIAGE AND DEATH NOTICES FROM THE CITY GAZETTE
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

Contributed by ELIZABETH HEYWARD JERVEY

(Continued from January)

Savannah Dec. 2. Married, D. Venables Bond, to Miss Nancy Miller, daughter of Samuel Miller Esq; deceased. (Friday, December 10, 1790)

The death of James Wallace, Esq; surgeon in the late continental Virginia line, mentioned in Thursdays paper, is happily premature. (Saturday, December 11, 1790)

Thursday last was married, in St. Paul's parish, Stono, Samuel Wilcox, Esq. of New-York, to Miss Ann Stobo, daughter of Richard Park Stobo, Esq. deceased, of that parish. (Monday, December 13, 1790)

Died. On Friday last, Mr. John Cart, sen. of this city—Thomas Hutchinson, sen. a respectable planter of this state. (Monday, December 13, 1790)

On the 13th instant, at Round O, col. John Sanders, much regretted. He was a tender husband, an affectionate father, a humane master, and a great lover of mankind. . . . He passed through life and quitted this stage without an enemy. (Wednesday, December 15, 1790)

Miss Eliza Margaret Moore, daughter of the late John Moore, Esq. of Saint Thomas's parish—at the age of 19, in the bloom of youth and the meridian of beauty. . . . (Wednesday, December 15, 1790)

Deaths. Mr. Christopher Peters, of St. Paul.—Dr. Piper, and on Sunday, the 12th instant, Dr. James Wallace of the late continental Virginia line; both of Jacksonborough.—Mr. John Harvey, of Wappoo. (Thursday, December 16, 1790)

Savannah, Dec. 9. Died in Burke county, Lyman Hall, Esq; formerly governor of this state. (Friday, December 17, 1790)

Deaths. Mrs. Margaret Smith, consort of James Smith, Esq. of Prince William parish; who was removed out of this life on Monday the 6th instant, in the 52d year of her age. . . . She was amiable in her family, as

a peaceable, tenderly affectionate wife, as a prudent and discreet but fond mother; she was sincere and steady in her friendship. . . . At Greenville, Pedee, Dr. Oliver Hart, formerly of this city. (Friday, December 17, 1790)

Married. Last Thursday evening, Mr. Robert Harvey, merchant to Miss Maria Turnbull, daughter of Dr. Andrew Turnbull, of this city. (Saturday, December 18, 1790)

Marriage. On Saturday evening, col. Thomas Screven, of St. Thomas's parish, to Miss Amaranthia Gibbes, of this city. (Monday, December 20, 1790)

Deaths. Mrs. Moore, relict of John Moore, Esq. of St. Thomas's parish. —Mrs. Gibbes, consort of Henry Gibbes, Esq. —Mr. Thomas Ham, sen. Monday, December 20, 1790)

On Friday morning, a sailor belonging to the ship Sovereign, captain Benn, unfortunately fell from the main top-mast of that vessel and expired immediately. He was a native of Germany, and named John G. Hentze. . . . A coroner's inquest sat upon the body, and brought in their verdict accidental death. (Monday, December 20, 1790)

Died. On Sunday evening, Mrs. Ann Roche, relict of Thomas Roche Esq. of St. Mark's parish. (Tuesday, December 21, 1790)

Died. On Thursday last, at his plantation upon Cumbahee, Benjamin Elliott, Esq., son of Samuel Elliott, Esq. deceased. (Wednesday, December 22, 1790)

Married. On Wednesday, Mr. Moses Sarzedas, of this city, to Miss Bell Myers, of Georgetown. (Friday, December 24, 1790)

Married. Mr. Benjamin Dupré, of this city, to Miss Mary M'Clellan of Santee. (Saturday, December 25, 1790)

Died. At Salem on the 18th December, James Bradley, Esq. He was a steady friend, a kind neighbour, a tender husband, and an indulgent parent. . . . —In this city, on Saturday last, Mr. James Elsinore. (Monday, January 10, 1791)

Married. On Sunday evening Mr. James Carson, to Mrs. Elizabeth Burd. Died. On Sunday last, Mr. John Paul Grimke, an old inhabitant of this city. (Tuesday, January 11, 1791)

Died. On the 27th of December, at Sampit, near Georgetown, Mrs. Charlotte Pyatt, wife of Mr. John Pyatt. (Wednesday, January 12, 1791)

Married. M. John Dawson, of Granby, Merchant, to Miss Ann Matthews, only daughter of the reverend Edmund Matthews, deceased. (Saturday, January 15, 1791)

Died. Yesterday morning, Mrs. Manigault, wife of Joseph Manigault Esq., of this city. (Saturday, January 15, 1791)

Married. On Wednesday evening last at Chatsworth on Ashley river Bartlee Smyth, Esq., to Miss Caroline Neyle, second daughter of Mr. Gilbert Neyle, deceased. Last evening Mr. L. C. A. Schepeler, merchant, to Miss Dolly Marshall, of this city. (Monday, January 17, 1791)

Died. On Sunday last, in the bloom of youth, Miss Mary Griffith, daughter of Mr — Griffith, deceased, formerly a merchant of this city. She had lately arrived from England, was taken sick on her passage, which continued till the arrival of the awful messenger. (Tuesday, January 18, 1791)

Died. Yesterday morning, Mr. Joseph Creighton, an old resident in this city. (Friday, January 21, 1791)

Died. Yesterday, Mr. Daniel Singleton, of this city. A few days ago, on James-Island, Mr. Starling. (Saturday, January 22, 1791)

Yesterday morning Bartholomew Ford, shoe-maker of this city, was found dead. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, who brought in their verdict, that he came to his death by accident. (Tuesday, January 25, 1791)

Married. Last Thursday evening, Mr. Samuel Dupré, of St. James's Santee, to Miss Mary Allston, of Georgetown. And on Sunday night Mr. William Murray to Miss Ann Dupré, both of Georgetown. (Thursday, January 27, 1791)

On Wednesday morning last, Mr. Andrew Redmond, of this city, was found drowned in a creek near Federal green. He had for some time previous to this misfortune, been troubled with a lightness in his head, occasioned by a severe fit of sickness. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, and from evidence it clearly appeared, "that the deceased not being of sound mind, memory and understanding, but lunatic, was the cause of his death." His remains were decently interred in the Catholic church on the day following. (Saturday, January 29, 1791)

Also the same day, a jury was held on the body of Hannah Haggerman, supposed to come to an untimely end by bruises sustained, but on a long investigation, the jury brought in their verdict, "that she came to her death by accident." (Saturday, January 29, 1791)

Married. On Thursday evening, Frederick Fraser, Esq., of Prince William's parish, to Miss Mary Desaussure, daughter of Henry Desaussure, Esquire, deceased. (Saturday, January 29, 1791)

Died. Lately at Long-Island, in the Bahamas, capt. William Forrester, of this state, much lamented by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. (Tuesday, February 1, 1791)

Died. On Sunday evening, Mr. James Greedy, of this city. (Thursday, February 3, 1791)

Died. On the 26th of January on Port Royal Island, near Beaufort, capt. John de Preville [de Treville?] after a long and painful sickness, . . . He was truly a good husband, father, friend and neighbor. (Friday, February 4, 1791)

Married. Last Thursday evening, Mr. William Peronneau, to the accomplished Miss Mary Lightwood, daughter of Edward Lightwood, Esq. of this city. (Saturday, February 5, 1791)

Died. At Columbia, on Monday the 31st ult. capt. Albert Roux, of the late 2d South-Carolina regiment on continental establishment. (Saturday, February 5, 1791)

The two negroes who murdered Mr. Thomas Riddal, overseer to Mr. Manigault, on the 1st of November last, near Goose-creek bridge, have been taken and were tried on Monday last by two magistrates and five freeholders at Goose-creek, who found them guilty, and they are to be

burnt this day at ten o'clock, at the place where the murder was committed. One of the negroes is the property of Mrs. Frierson, of Santee; the other the property of Mr. Monk. (Wednesday, February 9, 1791)

Married. On Wednesday evening last, at Chatsworth on Ashley river William Marshall, Esq. barrister at law, to the truly amiable and accomplished Miss Charlotte Neyle youngest daughter of the late Mr. Gilbert Neyle, deceased. (Friday, February 11, 1791)

Married. On Thursday evening Mr. William Payne, merchant, to Miss Maria Torrans, both of this city. (Saturday, February 12, 1791)

Married. Last Monday evening, Mr. William Price, merchant, to Mrs. Chiffelle. (Wednesday, February 16, 1791)

Died. On Monday morning, last, Mr. William Cam, formerly a merchant of this city.—at Euhaws, Mr. Daniel Heyward, jun. planter. (Wednesday, February 16, 1791)

Died. Yesterday, in the 99th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Caesar. (Friday, February 18, 1791)

SILK CULTURE IN STATEBURG

Contributed by SAMUEL GAILLARD STONEY

The following letter from Mrs. Harriott [Pinckney] Horry of Hampton plantation, to Mrs. Thomas Waties of Stateburg, is from an original draft or rough copy in the possession of Mrs. Paul E. Seabrook, Savannah, Georgia. Undated, it was probably written in the autumn or winter of 1829.

I have learned with pleasure my dear Madam the undertaking of your daughters¹ in the cultivation of silk worms, it was for some time a favorite amusement of my mother² many years back when she made a sufficient quantity of raw silk to produce many yards of very rich wearing apparel. One of the ancient dresses of hers I still have, the Antiquity [*sic*] of its make is scarcely less a curiosity than its fabric and thinking that you might like to see what your daughters labour may produce I have sent you a Breadth of my Mothers Gown and a little of the raw silk which having been spun before I was born must be above 80 yrs old as I was 81 last August.³ I will hope that time has not so entirely effaced me from your recollection as to require my apologizing for this letter—but with my best wishes for a more favorable Butterfly season than the last I remain with much esteem

yours truly
H. H.

[Endorsed] To Mrs. Judge Waties.⁴

¹ Anna Waties (Feb. 12, 1787–Oct. 22, 1874), and Mary Andrews Waties (July 24, 1799–Nov. 28, 1876), single daughters of Chancellor Thomas Waties and his wife Margaret Anne Glover, of Marden, Stateburg.

² Elizabeth Lucas Pinckney, widow of Chief Justice Charles Pinckney.

³ Born in August 1748, she died on December 19, 1830.

⁴ Thomas Waties died June 22, 1828. His widow and daughters were living at Marden.

NOTES AND REVIEWS*

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS

John C. Calhoun: American Portrait. By Margaret L. Coit. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1950. Pp. xiv, 593. Illustrations, notes, bibliography. \$5.00)

Miss Coit has written a most interesting and entertaining biography of one of America's great statesmen. The task probably was difficult because of the chief character and because of the controversial nature of his life's work. She did not succumb to Calhoun's "ethereal, indescribable charm", but instead painted her portrait of Calhoun with an earnest desire to approximate the actual subject.

From his local background, his birth and early childhood, his education, his practice as lawyer and planter, and on through his Washington career, she has drawn a fascinating word-picture of this great man's social and political life. The work, however, is more than a biography of one man and perhaps could have been named *The Age of Calhoun*; for Miss Coit has sketched in exceptionally clear and sure strokes Clay, Webster, Jackson, Benton and other statesmen of Calhoun's era.

In the final analysis, however, the completed portrait leaves the discriminating reader with the feeling that the real John C. Calhoun is missing. In the first place, the work lacks a profound understanding of the immediate historical and geographical background out of which Calhoun sprang. The reader never quite understands what were the bonds interrelating Calhoun and his native South Carolina, and such bonds were far from tenuous. Unionist and Sectionalist he may have been but at the same time he was a South Carolinian. Indeed, the entire study suffers because of this lack of mastery of local history on the part of the author. She frequently yields to a fertile and facile imagination, the results of which sometimes closely approach fiction. There are even occasional errors in historical and geographical facts. For instance: A simple glance at any map of South Carolina will show clearly that the sand hills do not lie between the Waxhaws and the Long Cane communities (p. 4). Oats are not tended or cultivated (p. 10); they are sown and reaped. Calhoun's babyhood was over before cotton became important in the up country (p. 1). Curving terraces as agricultural practice came in use after Calhoun's youth (p. 10). The cotton bloom does not shatter (p. 10), the entire blossom dies and drops off. In errors such as these and in many other ways, the writer has demon-

* This department will print queries not exceeding fifty words, from members of the Society. The charge to non-members is one dollar for each fifty words or less. Copy should be sent The Secretary, Fireproof Building, Charleston 5, S. C.

strated a most superficial knowledge of both agriculture and agricultural history. Miss Coit in her acknowledgements, gave Bernard DeVoto of Cambridge credit for pointing out to her, the significance of Southern soil depletion, but there is little evidence that she fully understood what that significance was. The writer, in creating a romantic atmosphere surrounding the Craytonville tavern, speaks of veilings of gray moss (p. 49) although gray moss has never been indigenous to the up country. The claims that the up country had no voice at all in the state government before the Revolution (p. 55) is absurd, especially when Miss Coit had previously mentioned that Patrick Calhoun was elected to the colonial Assembly in 1769 (p. 4). Miss Coit's claims of the lack of concern of Charleston over the up country cannot stand up in the light of historical facts. Then, too, there was never a rule nor law in South Carolina which required a man to own one hundred acres and fifty slaves in order to sit in the governing body of the state, as Miss Coit wrote (p. 55). Finally, the statement that Patrick Calhoun's slave, Adam, brought to the up country by Patrick Calhoun upon his return from a meeting of the legislature in Charleston, was the first negro ever seen in that region, is perfectly ridiculous (p. 285). These and many other errors detract from the scholarship and value of Miss Coit's biography.

The writer has attempted to revive the Nancy Hanks legend which has no authenticity at all. The principal point of the legend is that John C. Calhoun was the father of Abraham Lincoln. The validity of this idea was definitely exploded a good many years ago by William E. Barton in his *The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln*. Miss Coit, therefore, discards the Calhoun paternity part of the legend but couldn't resist using, with no evidence whatsoever, Nancy as the possible name of one of the Craytonville Hanks girls with whom she says Calhoun had a first romance. Certainly there is no more evidence to support this Calhoun romance than there is to support the whole exploded legend. The author tried hard but completely in vain to inject, with a bar maid, bearskin coat, and poetry, some bit of romance into the prosaic flesh and blood of her chief character.

The author has amply documented her material. Her bibliography represents a stupendous quantity and broad range of sources. There are, however, a few notable omissions of sources which undoubtedly would have shed additional light on the subject. Certainly the use of Robert L. Merriweather's *The Expansion of South Carolina, 1729-1765* would have strengthened her chapter on "The Heritage" of Calhoun. It cannot be said that Miss Coit has always used her sources judiciously. Only once in the entire biography has she referred to David Duncan Wallace's monumental three volume *History of South Carolina*, while she has cited as her authority, numerous times, less reliable sources.

Miss Coit is best in her portrait of Calhoun in Washington as a member of the House, as Secretary of War, as Vice-President, as Secretary of State, as Senator. Her imagination and lucid style enliven the characters, especially Calhoun, and create a vital reader-interest. Some of her conclusions and interpretations are novel and interesting, particularly her contention that Calhoun was a Unionist and Sectionalist concurrently. She has succeeded in making a frequently hated and widely misunderstood historical character more human and more lovable. Her account of Calhoun's tragic last days in the Senate is magnificent. She has produced for readers of American biography, except the exacting few, a lively and captivating story of the life of John C. Calhoun.

Clemson College

CARL L. EPTING

Ben Tillman's Baby: the Dispensary System of South Carolina, 1892-1915. By John Evans Eubanks. (Augusta, Georgia: Tidwell Printing Supply Company, 1950. Pp. 213. Bibliography. \$3.50.)

With a creative imagination worthy of an earlier generation of South Carolina leaders, Ben Tillman attempted to solve an old South Carolina problem with an arresting innovation. This problem was whiskey-drinking: a practice which aggravated the malaria of the first settlers, the lawlessness of the backwoodsmen, and the atrophy of the many who after 1865 were dwelling in the ruins. The innovation was the application to South Carolina of the Swedish system of government monopoly of the bottling and sale of alcoholic drinks. As William Watts Ball picturesquely puts it, the state's palmetto emblem was blown into the whiskey flask.

This is the problem with which Mr. Eubanks is concerned. Unfortunately his study has defects both small and large. It is privately printed and therefore failed to receive the amendments which the editors of university and commercial presses bestow on manuscripts. Typographical errors are numerous and glaring. Proper names including *Simkins* are misspelled. There is no index. The footnotes are not uniform. A large mass of undigested testimony is included in the text.

It seems as though the manuscript although dated 1950 was completed years ago. Use is made of Snowden's history of South Carolina instead of the newer and better book by Wallace, and of my *Tillman Movement* instead of my *Pitchfork Ben Tillman*. There apparently has been no search for manuscript materials; instead New York books and magazine articles have been heavily drawn upon. Space which might have been used in answering important questions concerning the South Carolina Dispensary is allotted to a general history of the temperance movement, not only in South Carolina but in the United States. This going back to Adam is as inconsequential as a school girl rewriting an encyclopedia article.

Mr. Eubanks is a prohibitionist and advances many intelligent arguments in favor of this viewpoint. But in writing about a South Carolina experiment he should have applied his arguments to the local scene. Those who know South Carolina history know why many South Carolinians could regard Rum as an imp of Hell who should be banished from the state. Moreover, Mr. Eubanks' prohibitionist inclinations make it impossible for him to be unambiguously fair toward Tillman's bold if unsuccessful attempt to solve the liquor problem. Ben Tillman, the author admits, demonstrated much skill in the application of his idea. But, Mr. Eubanks, what of the wisdom of the idea itself? Was it not a wise attempt at compromise between the extremes of prohibition and of the open saloon? Did it fail, not because of innate weaknesses, but because of the inefficiency of South Carolina public servants and because the majority of South Carolinians were, like Mr. Eubanks, too prohibitionist to judge fairly the Dispensary?

Despite his shortcomings Mr. Eubanks deserves the gratitude of South Carolinians for writing the fullest account in print of South Carolina's great experiment in state socialism. One hundred and fifty of his two hundred pages are given to the inception of the Dispensary idea, the high-handed tactics of Tillman in putting it into operation, and how it became a financial success despite the opposition of mobs and the Federal courts. Much space is given to the corruption and inefficiency of the administration of the institution. Everything happened from the diluting of whisky to be sold Negroes to the acceptance of bribes by the general supervisors.

Mr. Eubanks' final chapter is his best. It is a devastating rejection of what he considers the loosely-held notion that the South Carolina Dispensary was in practice a model for other states. The author takes a curious delight in this negative finding. Although a prohibitionist, he could be forgiven for speaking well of an institution he has diligently studied. He proves that the Tillman experiment did not work well.

"The principal object of any form of liquor control," Mr. Eubanks truthfully says, "is restriction of the use of intoxicating beverages, with a consequent reduction of the crime, lawlessness, pauperism, disease, and vice that are their inevitable attendants." By an appeal to the evidence, Mr. Eubanks proves the following: Liquor sales were not reduced by the Dispensary controls. Package handling led to sales in larger bulks, even to "chipping in" by cronies to buy jugs for drinking orgies in the woods wilder than those in the saloons. The incentives to sales promotions were not eliminated because the managers of the dispensaries were under obligations to revenue-hungry superiors to take in as much money as possible. There was no decrease in crime rates, especially in crimes of passion induced by hot liquors.

Mr. Eubanks' pessimism does not establish the belief that the South Carolina experiment in liquor control was in theory at least "a snare and a delusion." He is not fair when he declares, "Every condition which should have made for its success was there." What of the prejudices of South Carolinians against Tillman and in favor of prohibition? What of the inability of individualistic South Carolina to produce a bureaucracy capable of managing a big business? The Dispensary theory has been applied successfully in numerous states. Perhaps if Mr. Eubanks had finished his book as late as 1950 he would not have closed his industrious and at times illuminating study with the following inconclusive sentence: "What the results may be in the case of states that try similar plans only the future can reveal."

Louisiana State University

FRANCIS B. SIMKINS

A Charlestonian's Recollections 1846-1913. By D. E. Huger Smith. Introduction by Harold A. Mouzon. Preface by Alice R. Huger Smith. (Charleston: Carolina Art Association, 1950. Pp. 162. \$3.50.)

As Harold A. Mouzon well says in his Introduction: "This book has the simplicity and informality to be expected of a narrative written for the benefit of the author's children and grandchildren, and it is this very quality of simplicity and directness which will delight the larger circle of readers. . . ."

It is indeed a delightful book, informal as a conversation over the nuts and wine, replete with incident and adventure told simply and with no attempt at drama, brightened throughout with the glow of humor and here and there the gleam of wit. An important as well as a pleasant book, it affords within its purposely limited scope a clear view, free from both roseate tinting and somber shading, of the unique rural-urban community which occupied the South Carolina coastal country from the Waccamaw to the Savannah—the compact, able and prosperous society of rice and cotton plantations of which Charleston was the heart and brain and capital. We see a segment of this community when it was at its zenith, when it was engaged in a struggle for its life, when it had crashed in ruin, and when little by little it was recovering from that ruin. The book does not pretend to provide anything like a complete picture. Concerned mainly with one plantation, one Charleston household, one family and its connections, it is sharply focussed and luminously informing, and it is most illuminating of all as a picture of the man who wrote it.

Daniel Elliott Huger Smith, again to quote Mr. Mouzon, reveals himself as "thoroughly unreconstructed and I see no reason why he should have been reconstructed. He was pretty soundly constructed to begin

with." Most of all, the candid though completely unobtrusive delineation of Mr. Smith's "construction" gives the book its enduring value.

The men who constituted the ruling class of ante-bellum South Carolina, who provided the state's leaders in war and in the desperate period after the war, differed widely in talent and personality; but most of them had certain qualities in common. D. E. Huger Smith, a member of that class, was too young to be a leader in the pre-war days; in the Confederate Army, in which he enlisted at the age of 17, he was a private; in the period after the war he did not hold or seek political office. A keener observer than most, he had a far better memory than most, with strong convictions, well developed literary and historical tastes, and a great deal of quiet humor. He was a typical representative of the class to which he belonged, the South Carolinian gentry of the ante-bellum period—a class which in these later years has been so obscured and distorted by a fog of myth and misrepresentation that any new book which affords a clear view of its members is for that reason alone important.

For before the 1850's that class had become probably the most influential single group in the United States. Welcoming the American Historical Association to Charleston in 1913, Joseph W. Barnwell said that the people of that small city had for good or evil "exercised a greater influence upon the history of this country than any equal number of people anywhere in America." It was originally from the Charleston region that the plantation economy spread first southward across the Savannah into Georgia, then westward and northward over upper South Carolina and ultimately over the whole Deep South; to be followed by the rise of Calhoun's star as the South's great champion but a champion who was spokesman and interpreter rather than originator—"the chosen leader," as Dr. D. D. Wallace puts it, "of a predetermined course." It was the men and women of D. E. Huger Smith's class who chiefly predetermined that course, with all its momentous consequences, in the crucial decades before the Confederate War when the political leadership of the South had long ago passed from Virginia to South Carolina.

This is why, of all the classes and groups that composed the ante-bellum Southern social organism, that one is the most deserving of unprejudiced study. It is because in revealing himself Mr. Smith reveals with notable clarity the character of that much misrepresented class in its time of trial and adversity, that his book possesses an interest and value transcending its value as a relation of events. Some of his convictions have not been fashionable of recent years. In "liberal" circles his philosophy will not find favor today. But all who understand how important it is to collect and preserve every bit of authentic evidence as to the true character of the

remarkable group of men and women who so largely shaped the South's course in its most critical period—all these will perceive at once the genuine historical value of this photographically authentic and unusually self-revealing book.

While there is important instruction in it for the serious student, there is great pleasure in it for the general reader. Life at Smithfield Plantation on the Combahee and in Charleston before the war, incidents of the war and of the "reconstruction" as the author experienced them—these provide the material for a fascinating story. Mr. Smith's extraordinary memory is a never ending wonder, his keen but always kindly humor a recurrent delight. It is to be hoped that the number of readers will be large. Our Southern young people, too many of them "re-educated" so thoroughly that, as Mr. Smith says, "the very existence" of that older Southern civilization and society "will be questioned or forgotten," need books like this one to undo the "re-educating" that has been done.

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

The Journal of Benjamin Moran, 1857-1865. Edited by Sarah Agnes Wallace and Frances Elma Gillespie. In two volumes (Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1949. Pp. xxxiv, 812; xx, 813-1489. \$25.00 per set.)

Americans familiar with the acerb criticism of the United States by European visitors during the nineteenth century will be interested in Benjamin Moran's impressions of England and of Americans in England in the period preceding and during the American Civil War. After his appointment as assistant secretary of the United States legation at London in 1857, Moran began a diary which eventually grew to forty-one volumes, covering the years 1857-1875. Here, fourteen volumes of the original journal have been published.

To confide in a diary was almost a psychological necessity for the young diplomat, an assertive and opinionated individual with an incipient persecution complex. As a youth from rural Pennsylvania he had secured employment in Philadelphia with the publishing house of John Grigg. His position there although humble, had served to bring him into contact with literary folk and to inspire him with ambitions for a literary career. This led him to England, where he wrote articles for newspapers and magazines at home, an experience which gave Moran an eye for color and the habit of careful observation.

Always painstaking with detail, Moran committed to his journal the minutiae of daily routine at the legation. There was a host of visitors: senators, bishops, adventurers, business men; women and sailors in distress; defaulting bankers who had fled the states; American *nouveaux riches*;

Europeans seeking a new life in America or service in the United States army; and American "heirs" who expected the legation to collect for them from fictitious English estates.

Moran commented freely upon persons, revealing in the process more of himself than of those he discussed. Smug and intolerant, despite pretensions to urbanity, his reaction to persons and events, was always most positive. He had an aversion to Southrons, uncouth westerners, and Yankees, especially Bostonians. He disliked Anglo-American financiers; Junius Morgan was a "snarling cur," and the philanthropies of George Peabody, "the puffing American note shaver," were "simply the price he chose to pay for notoriety." He had contempt for American consuls, first secretaries of legations (until he was elevated to that post), English noblemen (except those who favored him with attention), and Americans who were eager to "toady to princelings," although he himself was inclined to do so. Moran came to dislike each of the ministers under whom he served during the period. George M. Dallas and Charles Francis Adams ignored him socially, when possible, and disregarded his advice. Undoubtedly they had good reasons for both.

Men whom he admired or disliked were likely to acquire a fitting physical appearance down to the appropriate phrenological bulges. Lord Macaulay possessed the "strongest development of the intellectual, the perceptive and the reasoning organs;" but that "arch villian" [*sic*] Fernando Wood, was a "hang-dog looking fellow." So completely did Moran enter into the partisan spirit that he was shocked to see the political opponents, Lords Palmerston and Derby, laughing and joking together at a royal ball.

It was in this spirit that Moran recorded incidents of this difficult period of Anglo-American relations. Between 1857 and 1865 there was always some issue between the two countries: British penetration in central America and the unsatisfactory Clayton-Bulwer treaty; British search and seizure of American vessels suspected of engaging in the outlawed slave trade; the San Juan boundary controversy in the Pacific Northwest; the British proclamation of neutrality, according belligerent status to the Confederacy; the Trent Affair; Confederate cruisers built in England, and the seeming danger of active British intervention in the American Civil War. Although aware of American diplomatic mistakes which could have been avoided had he been consulted, Moran was confident in each case of the correctness of the American position and of the depravity of the British government. Thus he alluded frequently to Lord Palmerston's "satanic object of hostilities"; Russell's "insolent" reply to American notes; the "immorality of British statesmen;" and *The London Times*, that "monstrous engine of corruption and falsehood."

The editors have provided a preface and an introduction to each volume

giving a sketch of Moran's life and an admirable résumé of the diplomatic background. The reader will find invaluable the copious footnotes which identify persons and events mentioned in the journal.

The Citadel

EDWARD H. PHILLIPS

Belvidere: A Plantation Memory. By Anne Sinkler Fishburne. (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1949. Pp. xii, 116. Illustrations, notes, appendix. \$3.50.)

This is the story of a pre-Revolutionary plantation which survived until the era of the "New Deal" of the great depression, and is now at the bottom of Lake Marion of the Santee-Cooper hydro-electric development. Written by a daughter of that plantation for the grandchildren who can never know the old place for themselves, the story is more than a tribute of filial love; for the author has included the letters of several generations of gifted letter-writers, as well as excerpts from old newspapers and out-of-print local reminiscences. She has also preserved the memory not only of the plantation, but of its neighboring community with pictures of places and people now gone forever.

Those who have known the country and its way of life before the recent floods of "modern progress" wrought destruction, rejoice that one who knew and was herself a part of both, has preserved in print an authentic record of even a small portion. Those who have not known the place or the people will read the graphic story with profit, pleasure, and an interest that never flags.

THE SOCIETY

More than 100 new members were added to the Society during 1950, as follows: Joseph H. Bell, Solomon Breibart, Caroline Connor, Mrs. W. H. Cogswell III; Major Francis O. Dukes, Deaconess Mary T. Gadsden, Mrs. Ashley Halsey, Capt. Ralph T. Hanson, Capt. George C. Logan, Mrs. David Maybank, Mrs. G. A. Middleton, Mrs. S. M. Hasell, Frank Ryan, George C. Rogers, Jr.; Emily Sanders, Henrietta Simons, and R. H. Simons, all of Charleston; Mrs. E. C. L. Adams, Harold M. DeLorme, Jr., John Grimball, Hunter A. Gibbes, R. Beverly Herbert, Douglas McKay, Charles C. McCants, Jr.; John J. Pringle, Jr., Albert L. Wardlaw, all of Columbia; Thomas M. Stubbs, Mrs. Edwin Gould (Warren), Mrs. S. Oliver Plowden, Shepard K. Nash, all of Sumter; John A. May, Aiken; Mrs. William S. Elrod, Anderson; Calhoun Thomas, Dowling & Dowling, Beaufort; E. M. Lander, Jr., Clemson; Judge A. L. Gaston, Chester; Frank K. Thompson, Conway; C. M. Sims, Cowpens; Mrs. D. E. Harlee, Flora McIver Barringer, Florence; Nelson Walker Edens, Bennettsville; Col. George Cornish, Edisto Island; Mrs. S. L. Coleman, Fountain Inn;

D. C. Waddell, Jr., Georgetown; Mrs. Robbie M. Thompson, Mrs. R. E. Houston, Greenville; J. B. Gilbert, Hartsville; Greenwood County Library, Greenwood; Mrs. J. M. Beckham, Lancaster; McKendree Barr, Leesville; Justice Taylor H. Stukes, Manning; Thomas H. Pope, Newberry; P. L. Felder, Jr., Orangeburg; George Bell Timmerman, Lexington; W. J. McLeod, Jr., Walterboro; Mrs. E. Bates Wilson, Wadmalaw Island; Charles E. Cauthen, Spartanburg; Hampton M. Jarrell, Rock Hill; Davenport Steward, Decatur, Ga.; Mrs. Robert C. Davis, Atlanta, Ga.; John Evans Eubanks, Augusta, Ga.; Library Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; David Finley and Marian J. McCants, Washington, D. C.; George deH. Long, Lumberton, N. C.; Mrs. A. B. Gowans, Del Rio, Texas; Rice Institute Library, Houston, Texas; Mrs. John R. Orvin, National City, Calif.; Mrs. W. M. Layton, Mansfield, O.; Mrs. Harrison Glennon Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. William Whaley, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. W. W. Gardner, Tupelo, Miss.; Mrs. H. H. Crisler, Bay Springs, Miss.; Mrs. Stuart Wisdom, Sweetsburg, Canada.

Also, Florida State Library, Tallahassee; Mrs. Benjamin Boatwright, Ridge Spring, S. C.; F. J. Dana, John Adger Manning, Mrs. John McBryde Governor James F. Byrnes, of Columbia; Ellen Parker, Mrs. Robert Touhey, C. S. DeForest, G. Fraser Wilson, and General C. P. Summerall, all of Charleston; Reverend Edward Guerry, James Island; Marion R. Carringer, Mrs. Helen C. Ramsey, of Darlington; Cora Page Godfrey, Cheraw; James L. Coker, A. Lee Wiggins, Hartsville; John Kolb Breeden, Manning; Judge L. D. Lyde, Marion; V. C. Barringer, Sumter; Raymond Dion, John Morris Myers, Summerville; Mrs. Edna A. Manning, Barnwell; Austin L. Venable, Rock Hill; Calhoun A. Mays, Greenwood; Flossie C. Morris, Conway; Mrs. Mary H. Parker, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. Richard Grammer, Fort Worth, Tex.; Elizabeth Lee Lusk, Mrs. O. J. Walls, Guntersville, Ala.; Seymour Long, Sewanee, Tenn.; Bertha Bethea, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Harold Stanley, Morgan DeTreville, New York; Marius Risley, Buffalo, N. Y.; P. H. Whaley, Washington, D. C.; Thomas Furman. Dues collected for the year totaled \$2,918.00.

At the ninety-sixth annual meeting of the Society on January 13, 1951, Dr. William Way announced his positive decision not to accept renomination for the presidency. Reviewing the progress of the Society during his nine and a half terms, he noted the increase of membership from 239 to 620, members being not only in every part of this state, but also in forty states and a number of foreign countries. He also noted the acquirement by the Society in 1943 of the Fireproof Building on a 30-year lease; the placing of the *Magazine* on a sound basis by the provision of a salary for the editor; and the growth of the collections by many valuable gifts, one of the most notable being the letterbook of Elizabeth Lucas Pinckney, presented by Mr. Julian Mitchell. Among other gifts were a modern steel

mapcase, donated by Mr. Henry P. Kendall; and the Pinckney-Kilpatrick legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The report of the Finance Committee showed that the Society's finances are in good shape.

New officers elected were Samuel Gaillard Stoney, president; W. L. Glover and R. Bentham Simons, vice-presidents; J. Mauldin Lesesne and Henry P. Kendall, curators. All other officers were re-elected. Dr. Way and Alexander S. Salley were unanimously elected honorary members.

On motion of Mr. Stoney, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Since in the death of Colonel Nathaniel Berners Barnwell the South Carolina Historical Society has lost one of its members of longest standing and an officer who has served it as a curator and vice-president for twenty-five years; and

Since in his long life the late Colonel Barnwell well illustrated that full and zealous service to the state in peace and war that is the very foundation of the best in our history;

Be it resolved that the South Carolina Historical Society inscribe a page in the minutes to the memory of Colonel Barnwell, publish these resolutions in the *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, and send a copy of them to his family.

After the luncheon session in the terrace dining-room of the Fort Sumter Hotel, Dr. James G. Harrison of the Citadel, made an address on "Henry Timrod, South Carolina Poet," in which he showed how the tragedy of war had matured the poet's genius. He also gave a most interesting account of how the correct date of Timrod's birth had been discovered.

Among the out-of-town members and guests at the luncheon were: Jeannette Rankin, Montana; John Evans Eubanks, Mrs. Marie H. Parker, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. Mamie N. Tillman, Mrs. P. P. Blalock, Edgefield; Paul Quattlebaum, Conway; Mrs. Louise J. DuBose, Mrs. Charles H. Duke, Columbia; Mr. and Mrs. L. Allsbrook McCall, Jr., Florence; Dr. and Mrs. Robert W. Barnwell, Jr., Warner Robbins, Ga.; Mrs. Cornelia L. McCutcheon, Mrs. R. E. McLendon, Bishopville; Dr. J. J. Obear, Winnsboro; William E. Fripp, Walterboro; C. R. Banks, St. Matthews.

REQUESTS FOR INFORMATION

Miss Minnie Exa Williamson, 808 Amicable Building, Waco, Texas, wants the names of parents of great grandfather, Stephen Williamson, born in South Carolina in 1791, who as a young man, went to Mississippi. Among family names are Eli and Exa.

Mrs. Clarence Johnson, Dalton, Georgia, desires data on Jesse Dodd, 1st lieutenant, Revolutionary War; (1) dates and place of birth and death, name of wife, identity of his company. His will is recorded at Union.

